

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

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News of the Week.

WAR, possible or actual, is still the subject of the day. The American mail brings more about the Fishery question; and the Cape mail brings news of more disasters. Mr. Webster has been delivering a speech, professedly intended to moderate the American mind, but really calculated to inflame angry feeling; a needless labour; for we believe that Americans will obtain all that they ask of Downing-street, by the help of public opinion in England. The tone of our own journals proves as much. The organ of the Peel party, that of the Manchester party, with most of the Liberal papers, are adverse to the position assumed by Ministers; the *Times*, which professes to be a reflex of the public, has had a series of daily articles, showing that the letter of the law is on our side, the spirit of fairness on the other side, and urging, not the less effectively because temperately, the necessity of revising the Ministerial policy. The organ of Ministers, the *Morning Herald*, denies that anything new has been done; on which the *Times* rejoins, that if nothing new has been done, why make a parade of it to the colonists of the British North American provinces, who had been led to expect some new enforcement of protection for their fishing grounds? Either the colonists have been cajoled, or the United States are assailed. The argument is unanswerable; but in fact the paper in the *Herald* is less noticeable as a disclosure of facts, than as an admission that the Ministerial position is untenable. How Ministers are to back out of their absurd advance does not yet appear.

The intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope is not quite so momentous, but is very discouraging. It is clear that nothing has yet been done to check the savages, who still make desperate raids on the border; that they do not yet think of submission; that the cession of independence to the Emigrant Farmers of the Dutch race under Pretorius is made in a politic desire to conciliate men whose alliance with the Blacks is feared; and that General Cathcart confesses the extremity of his position, by the desperately confident tone which he assumes in threatening to establish his own head-quarters in the camp of Kreli. He also appeals to the colonists, with a mixture of insinuated threat and promise; urging the Burgher

guards to come forth, and promising to divide amongst them the re-captured cattle. He has recurred to the old "commando" system—a species of agricultural militia organization. Altogether, the attitude of the Governor Commander-in-chief is deferential and blustering; no real progress has yet been made in reducing the rebels; and meanwhile loss of life and property is increasing.

Another colonial subject merits more attention than it receives from the public at large. More convicts are sent to Van Diemen's Land—to swell the number of runaway convicts who reappear in the gold diggings. The friends and settlers of Van Diemen's Land protest against this short-sighted policy; which also exasperates the Australians generally; but our Government perseveres.

Lord Londonderry is a chivalrous Irish soldier—at least, such he delights to be thought. Spite of the proceedings in regard to the "Family seat," he is unquestionably a gentleman—a little indiscreet, perhaps, but still a gentleman. As a soldier and a gentleman, he has, from time to time, endeavoured to prevail on M. Bonaparte to release the gallant Arab from the durance of Ambouie. Last year, we printed a correspondence between the Irish soldier and the President of the Republic; and then, when his own fate hung trembling in the scales, M. Bonaparte said he had done all he could; that if no more was done, it was because he had not the power to do it: that when 1852 was passed the thing would be easier of accomplishment; and that, sooner or later, he desired to set Abd-el-Kader free. Lord Londonderry believed him. In December, we know, the would-be liberator of Abd-el-Kader liberated himself, and enslaved France. Abd-el-Kader and France were both in durance vile. February came, Lord Londonderry still believing, wrote to remind M. Bonaparte of his promise. The Ides of March were past: 1852 had come; but the hands of M. Bonaparte were now red with French blood, and how could he sign the release of the Arab chief? For two months, Lord Londonderry got not even a reply to his letter. In May he wrote again, trusting to the courtesy between gentleman and gentleman—that is, between Lord Londonderry and M. Bonaparte—for an answer. Still no reply. Of course, the "hero" who, in the words of Londonderry, is "absolute, supreme,

omnipotent, accountable to no one but himself;" the Tiberius of France, shared the fate of his kind—having become a splendid scoundrel, how could he act like a gentleman? But Lord Londonderry still believed him, and waited for a reply to his second letter. June passed; July slowly lapsed away; August arrived—three months, and still no reply. Lord Londonderry finds that "his Prince," M. Bonaparte, is a violator of solemn pledges; and he lays the intercessory correspondence before Europe and the world. The world will give the appellant what he asks—admiration for his credulity, and contempt for his "Prince."

The revival of Bonapartism in France is one continued *mise en scène*. The people are caressed with dramatic spectacles of past glories to atone for present humiliations. Fête after fête cheats the Parisians of their self-respect, and beguiles Frenchmen into forgetfulness of the rights of freemen and the duties of citizens. The solitude and the silence around the electoral urns, however, proclaimed trumpet-tongued the pent up indignation. The very general abstention from voting even in the towns where Louis Napoleon was said to be idolized, makes the isolation of the man the more glaring, and proves that a country "cannot be ruled in spite of itself." The President apes the Czar in the suddenness and secrecy of his movements. He goes to the Sologne one Saturday to visit his new estate, and returns to St. Cloud on Tuesday, the departure being announced in the *Moniteur* some hours after the return.

Niggard and offensive, even clemency sits upon the usurper with an ill-grace: Fifteen exiles, of divers categories, are suffered to return to their country, and to excite their gratitude the official press welcomes them with insulting paragraphs of contemptuous pity.

Victor Hugo's burning words are stealing like fire from lip to lip, and from heart to heart, and already begin to rouse his country from the lethargy of indifference to the sense and the shame of a national conscience. Proudhon, the self-destroying sceptic, is permitted; Victor Hugo, the fiery denouncer, is pursued as a terror and a scourge.

At home, the news is of minor importance. The Ministerial question is, for the time, absorbed in the fishery affair; and a general feeling grows up among all parties, that the "difficulty" should not proceed without a consultation in Parliament; yet

no one knows when Parliament is to meet, and the general idea is that Ministers desire to put it off as long as possible. There is a prospect that affairs will be somewhat complicated by an adverse harvest: the rain has been steady and heavy for five days of the week: wheat rose in price by 2s. on Wednesday, and Protection receives its *coup de grace* from the weather.

The more stirring incidents have been in the law courts, and on railways. The action brought against a Lady Superior in the convent at Norwood, for ill-using a little orphan girl, is interesting, as a proof that sectarian bitternesses have not totally warped British juries. The case broke down completely, and the Lady Superior was acquitted. But the trial involved disclosures as to the severe regimen of the place, even for young girls, which will not fail to influence public opinion adversely to such institutions; a further proof that publicity and full information are the proper counteractives to any encroachments from Rome.

The further inquiries into the accident on the North-Western Railway, near Coventry, corroborate the belief that the accident was caused by the wearing of the bolts which secured the ashpan of the engine; and the more general conclusion, that railway companies do not care to take the pains sufficient for securing the safety of the riding public. These inquiries cannot fail, in time, to obtain a better discipline.

THE AMERICAN FISHERY QUESTION.

MR. WEBSTER seems inclined to play the part of an able second to Sir John Pakington in precipitating the two nations into a war. The American Secretary of State has a country residence at Marshfield, in Massachusetts—properly his “home”—and there he visits, when relaxing his mind from the fatigues of office. The Marshfield people are naturally proud of him, and when he returns he is received with hearty demonstrations of respect and affection. In reply to these kind people, who, headed by the Honourable Mr. Sprague, received him at Marshfield, on the 25th ultimo, Mr. Webster delivered the following speech:—

“Gentlemen,—Mr. Sprague has been pleased to refer to recent occurrences. As to some of them, or at least to one, it may not be fitting in me to say one word now. The time has not come. But I would say, I may venture to hope, without presumption, that I am not entirely unknown at home or abroad (cries of ‘No, no!’, and I further say further, if I have anything good and valuable, I hold it in my own keeping, and will not trust it to the waywardness of others. Friends and neighbours, the time you offer me this welcome is not altogether inappropriate. I am about to be among you. The place I occupy must soon be vacated in the ordinary course of events, and it may be vacated very shortly. I am sensible of the kind manner in which the events of my life have been recited. I am willing to admit that I am glad to receive the approbation of my countrymen, in any manner they may be disposed to express it—I am willing to believe in relation to the occurrences alluded to by Mr. Sprague, that by the blessing of Providence and the favour of my countrymen, I have done something to uphold the constitution and liberty, and maintain the rights of my country. There is an end to all human labours and efforts. I am no longer a young man; but I am thankful, nevertheless, for the measure of strength I still enjoy. I hope to enjoy the pleasure of your kindness and society for some years to come, if such may be the pleasure of the Almighty. Mr. Sprague has made allusion to recent occurrences, threatening disturbances on account of the fisheries. It would not become me to say much on that subject until I speak officially, and under direction of the head of the Government. And then I shall speak. In the mean time, be assured that that interest will not be neglected by this Administration under any circumstances. The fishermen shall be protected in all their rights of property and in all their rights of occupation. To use a Marblehead phrase, they shall be protected ‘hook and line, and bob and sinker.’ And why should they not? They employ a vast number. Many of our own people are engaged in that vocation. There are, perhaps, among you some who perhaps have been on the Grand Banks for forty successive years, and there hung on to the ropes in storm and wreck. The most potent consequences are involved in this matter. Our fisheries have been the very nurseries of our navy. If our flagships have conquered the enemy on the sea, the fisheries have been at the bottom of it—the fisheries are where the seeds form from which these glorious triumphs were born and sprung. Now, gentlemen, I may venture to say one or two things more on this highly-important subject. In the first place, this sudden interruption of the pursuits of our citizens, which has been carried on more than thirty years without interruption or molestation, can hardly be justified by any principle or consideration whatever. It is now more than thirty years that they have pursued the fishing in the same water and on the same coast, in which and along which notice has now come that they shall be no longer allowed these privileges. Now, this cannot be justified without notice. A mere indulgence of too long continuance, even if the privilege were not an indulgence,

cannot be withdrawn at this season of the year, when our people, according to their custom, have engaged in the business, without just and seasonable notice. I cannot but think the late despatches from the Colonial-office had not attracted, to a sufficient degree, the attention of the principal Minister of the Crown, for I see matter in them quite inconsistent with the arrangement made in 1845 by the Earl of Aberdeen and Edward Everett. Then the Earl of Derby, the present First Minister, was Colonial Secretary. It could not well have taken place without his knowledge, and, in fact, without his concurrence or sanction. I cannot but think, therefore, that it was being overlooked in an inadvertence. The treaty of 1818 was made with the Crown of England. If a fishing-vessel is captured by one of her vessels of war, and brought in for adjudication, the Crown of England is answerable, and then we know who we have to deal with. But it is not to be expected that the United States will submit their rights to be adjudicated upon in the petty tribunals of the provinces, or that they will allow our vessels to be seized by constables and other petty officers, and condemned by municipal courts of Canada and Newfoundland, New Brunswick, or Nova Scotia! No, no, no. (Great cheering.) Further than this, gentlemen, I do not think it expedient to remark upon this topic at present, but you may be assured it is a subject upon which no one sleeps at Washington. I regret that the state of my health caused my absence at Washington when the news came of this sudden change in the interpretation of the treaties. My health requires relaxation. I shall feel it my duty, as soon as my health and strength will justify me in undertaking the journey, to return to my post, and discharge the duties devolving upon me to the best of my abilities.”

Meanwhile the excitement was increasing up to the 28th ultimo. A telegraphic message, dated Philadelphia, July 27, says that the commandant of the navy-yard at that port had received orders to have the steam frigate *Saranac* overhauled, provisioned, and manned with all possible despatch. The *Saranac* would, it was said, form the vanguard of a fleet destined for the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Later accounts name the *Mississippi*, and state that Commodore Perry will command the squadron. In the navy-yards considerable and unusual activity was apparent. The press teemed with war articles—the New York *Herald* already counting on the spoils which would accrue from a war with England. Some of the papers are, however, very moderate; but all indicate the high state of public feeling.

The *St. John's New Brunswicker* of the 26th says, that Mr. Webster labours under a mistake when he gives the impression by his circular that her Majesty's Government is about to enforce the convention strictly, according to the opinion of the law officers of England. Such the *News* believes is not the case. For some years past there has been a tacit understanding that American fishing-vessels should only be excluded from those bays and inlets of the coast which are less than six miles wide, and within which American vessels could not of course fish unless within three miles of the land on either side. To do this the *News* thinks will be sufficient, as nearly all the American vessels are in the habit of fishing near the shore during the best of the fishing season.

Since writing the above the *Humboldt* has arrived. The following, extracted from the *New York Herald*, of the 31st of July, gives the latest intelligence regarding the fisheries dispute:—

“One of our correspondents at Washington informs us, that the steamer *Mississippi*, which was designated as the flag-ship of Commodore Perry in the Japan expedition, and is now lying at anchor in the East River, opposite this city, has been ordered to repair forthwith to the fishing grounds, to protect our rights under the treaty of 1818. She has all her coal on board, and Commodore Perry will no doubt be prompt in obeying the order. All other vessels, it is said, which can be got ready in time, will be despatched to the banks, under command of the Commodore. By recent arrivals from the Bay of St. Lawrence, we learn that an anchorage duty of 6d. per ton has been demanded upon all United States vessels in the provinces. On the 23rd inst., two of our fishing vessels were seen in tow of a British steamer, off Gaspe Head. At last accounts there were 14 English men-of-war on the ground, and four more were fitting out at St. John's. All this looks as though our provincial neighbours, backed by their mother-country, were really determined to give us considerable trouble. Our Washington correspondent states that nothing serious is apprehended by those who are best informed in that city. Indeed, it is intimated that President Fillmore is not exactly pleased with Secretary Webster's recent course on the subject. It is anticipated that the matter will soon be amicably arranged by negotiation; but in the meantime, Commodore Perry will proceed to the eastward in the steamer *Mississippi*, with the view of protecting, if necessary, the rights of our own citizens. The operations now going on at the Brooklyn and other navy yards throughout the country, denote that the Government is actively preparing for any emergency that may arise.”

The same paper shows that the United States can send a force of 12 vessels, mounting a total of 161 guns, into the fishing grounds by the 15th of August; and an additional force of 5 frigates, mounting 332 guns, by the 20th of August.

The case of Kaine was not finally determined on the 28th. It stood that day for judgment, but Judge San-

ford died, and the courts only met to pass resolutions of condolence. As Kaine was on his way from the district court of New York, on the 26th, escorted by a strong body of police, a mob of ruffianly Irish assaulted the escort, keeping up the attack throughout the whole route, until the police charged the mob, routed them, and took several prisoners.

THE KAFIR WAR.

THE *Propontis* reached Plymouth on Monday. She brings papers from the Cape up to the 2nd of July.

The war is still characterised by the same features; military promenades, forays, and petty conflicts; with a good deal of cattle lifting and guerrilla murders. General Cathcart had not developed any general plan until the 1st of July, when the following proclamation was issued; which, from tone, style, and substance, may be taken as a specimen of his policy.

“BY HIS EXCELLENCY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL THE HON. GEORGE CATHCART, &c.

“Whereas the Caffre Chief Kreli, who resides beyond the Kei, and whose territory is separated from that part of Her Majesty's dominions called British Caffraria, by that river, although recently chastened for his well-known under-hand as well as open hostility, by order of Governor Sir Harry Smith, has not ceased, from the time the expedition was withdrawn, contumaciously to comfort and assist Her Majesty's rebellious subjects, now associated with the rebel chief Sandilli, Caffres as well as Hottentots, in carrying on a protracted war, and even to harbour rebel Hottentots in his own country.

“And whereas the same contumacious chief Kreli, when mercifully called upon by me to desist from his evil practices, and use his well-known influence in putting an end to the Gaika rebellion, and in token of his good faith and due submission, to pay up the fine of cattle imposed by my predecessor, Governor Sir Harry Smith, which the said chief had promised to pay, and on the faith of which promise the last expedition was mercifully withdrawn after the infliction of half the punishment deserved, has insolently sent back my peaceable remonstrance and demand in defiance:

“And whereas it is necessary, in vindication of Her Majesty's authority, and in order to put an end to this war, that the said chief Kreli should, without loss of time, receive the full chastisement he deserves:

“Now, therefore, I do hereby proclaim, declare, and make known, that, for the purpose of inflicting such chastisement, it is my intention, on the 6th day of August next, to assemble a sufficient force of Her Majesty's regular troops, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, paid levies and enrolled Fingoes, with abundant supplies for the campaign, on the Umvani River, near Bram Neck, midway between Shiloh and the White Kei:—and that it is further my intention with this force to cross the Kei, and establish my head-quarters at Kreli's Great Place.

“But, wishing to show Her Majesty's enemies that, besides the force of her regular armies, she possesses the loyal support of her faithful subjects, and that, at her call, they are ready and willing to take the field in her cause:

“Wishing, also, to give to those who, as a body, have suffered severely from the war, an opportunity of recovering, by force of arms, some compensation for their losses, I hereby, in the name and on behalf of Her Majesty, command all burghers, of the divisions of Graaf-Reinet, Uitenhage, Port Elizabeth, Somerset, Cradock, Albany, Albert, Victoria, Fort Beaufort, and Colesburg, capable of bearing arms, to take the field upon the old commando system of the colony, and join me on the Umvani River, near Bram Neck, midway between Shiloh and the White Kei, on the 6th of August, whence I will lead them forth with in person into the country of the contumacious chief, Kreli, to dispose him of his cattle, as the best means of effectually bringing him to submission, and thereby terminating the present tiresome hostilities.

“I further hereby make known to the colonists of all classes, who shall voluntarily join in this great command, that all cattle that may be captured by them shall be divided among the captors, for their own use and benefit, according to such equitable division as may be determined on by their own commandants.

“God save the Queen.

“Given under the public seal of the settlement, at the Cape of Good Hope, this 1st day of July, 1852.

“By command of his Excellency the Governor,

“RICHARD SOUTHEY,

“Acting-Secretary to Government.”

By another proclamation the general declares his intention of hanging any one, male or female, who can be proved to have supplied the enemy with ammunition; and he offers a reward of 50z. for their apprehension. Women are the principal powder purveyors. Mounted rural police and military posts are to be established. General Cathcart has made a tour of inspection, in order that he may become well acquainted with the country. Besides the ordinary assaults upon wagons, kraals, and out-lying detachments, two others of a disastrous nature have occurred. About half-past eleven on the night of June 2nd, a body of Hottentots, under Uithaider, attacked the cattle-kraal belonging to the Missionary Institution of Mount Coke. Seven men of the place were killed and nine wounded; but the cattle cut from the wagons would have been preserved, had not a large mounted reserve appeared. The firing was heard at Fort Murray; and General Yorke despatched a squadron of Lancers and Cape Corps, under Major Tottenham, who joined in the pursuit as far as Debe Neck.

The rebel Hottentots attacked five wagons while proceeding from Graham's Town to Fort Beaufort, though guarded by a detachment of 31 Sappers and Miners, under the command of Captain Moody, on the 18th of June. The rebels on this occasion had posted themselves in the thick bush of the Komap-hill, and as soon as the small convoy appeared they opened a sudden volley, by which the leading mule-wagon was disabled, and nine of the small convoy killed. During the contest, which lasted for some time, nine more were wounded, but the remainder were brought off in good order by the cool gallantry of Captain Moody. The wagons contained some ammunition and Minié muskets, which latter were, however, rendered useless by the precaution of removing the nipples.

On the 19th of June, Major-General Yorke, with a large force, supported by Colonel Michel and Colonel Eyre, marched against the camp of the rebel Hottentots, which was reached the next morning (a day before the Hottentots expected to be attacked). The Hottentots were routed and their huts burned. A Cape Corps sergeant, who was taken prisoner, was immediately hanged. Three of the Minié rifles, and part of the ammunition lately taken at the Komap were found. Among the slain was a Cape Corps deserter, who had a gold watch and chain; and a soldier found a pouch full of sovereigns. A Kafir boy was taken in Fort Beaufort, who disclosed the mode of replenishing the stores of the enemy. In the evening, women, carrying wood, enter the town and remain till ten at night, when they manage to leave, laden with supplies.

An important treaty was concluded in January last, between Pretorians on the part of the emigrant Boers, who have established themselves beyond the Vaal river, and the Commissioners of the Orange River Sovereignty, guaranteeing the independence of the Boers.

Major Hogg, one of the commissioners, has since died of a fever at Bloem Fontein.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

LETTER XXXIII.

Paris, Tuesday Evening, August 10, 1852.

THE result of the municipal elections is decidedly far more significant than could have been expected. The abstention from voting has been almost universal. Everywhere the result has exposed the failure of the Government and of its agents; everywhere what the official journals call the "indifference" of the population has been unmistakably proved. In many cantons the election was annulled, for want of voters. I may cite Nantes, where only 6000 out of 25,000 electors voted; St. Etienne, where only 4000 out of 19,000; Bordeaux, Rennes, Beauvais, Bourges, Vierzon, Angers, Bourg, Caen, Bézancourt, Dôle, Evreux, Orléans, Troyes, Abbeville, Toul, Strasburg, Lyons, Niort, Poitiers, Auxerre, Dieppe, La Rochelle, Nevers, Toulouse, Versailles, equally "indifferent." In many rural cantons it was the same. In default of other weapons, the country has, on this occasion, replied to the appeal of its Ruler by contempt. It was impossible to falsify the results, where the voting was *by canton*. There were only the votes of nine or ten *communes* to be added up, to obtain the total result of each canton. Mistake was out of the question, and the tricks of the 20th of December, and of the 29th of February, could not be played. In the rural districts, as in the towns, the real isolation of our Ruler is now glaringly distinct. The Dictator, now that he has created silence around him, hearing only the false and fulsome flatteries of his courtiers, the glozing reports of his functionaries, and the grovelling adulations of his lackeys, had begun to persuade himself that he had cheated the country, and that all who once cursed, now adored him. The *negative* vote just accomplished, may, perhaps, have opened his eyes. Now he may see that a void is gaping around him, and a void which broadens and deepens day by day. You must have remarked that Strasburg, where the President lately found such an enthusiastic reception, has, by abstaining from the municipal elections, refused to concur in recognising the government of the usurper. The official journals, the *Moniteur*, *Patrie*, *Pays*, &c., endeavour to create a diversion from the elections. The *Constitutionnel* alone, for spite against Persigny, dwells with a malicious pertinacity upon the checks and defects which the Government has generally experienced. Cruel, you may imagine, has been the disappointment at the Elysée. Louis Bonaparte was so struck with the result, that he fell ill. The chronic rheumatism from which he suffers, has struck his legs, and some days he is quite unable to walk. His forthcoming visit to the southern departments causes some uneasiness. All the large towns, from Bordeaux to Marseilles, even those in which the municipal councils have voted large sums for the reception and feasting of the conqueror, have abstained from voting in the recent elections, or have

voted for the candidates of the opposition. It is a grave question in the ministerial councils, whether the President ought to expose himself to risk in the midst of populations so decidedly hostile. At a loss for expedients, his adherents have determined upon the following system. Persigny is reported to have lately held this language:—"We hold all the threads of power, all the functionaries,—executive and administrative, all the forces of the State. Let us rely exclusively upon these supports, compromise them in our policy, make them feel that they are lost men when we fall, and so give them at least the courage of fear in default of a better. Compromise them, but at the same time *gorge* them: and raise their salaries once more. The Legislative Corps must be won over and mollified; last session we heaped insults upon them; we made them conscious of their servitude; this policy must be reversed, and what is more, we must pay them—give them an indemnity of 10,000 francs (400£) each, and so buy off their opposition." It is, I believe, almost resolved that the members of the Legislative Corps shall receive an indemnity of 3000 francs a month during session. This would amount to 10,000 francs a year, and be much the same thing as the notorious 25 francs a day which made the National Assemblies so unpopular. The consequences of the elections are felt in every direction. Agents of the Government are deprived of their posts: especially the unsuccessful mayors. The circulars of the *Préfets* accuse them of having abused their influence to carry the election of candidates opposed to the Government nominees. This accusation reveals to you a fact of deep import—viz., that in France, where the ignorance is so dense throughout the rural districts (and these rural districts contain thirty-one millions of inhabitants, to five millions resident in the towns), the mayors retain a vast influence over the minds of the peasantry. Many of the Government nominees, observing the number of electors who abstained from voting, retired from the contest, and renounced their own nomination. Among others, a candidate in the *Tara et Garonne* addressed the electors a letter in which he said, that "the suffrages he had been accustomed to obtain for fifteen years having failed him for the first time, he considered it a warning to desist from the course he desired to pursue." On the other hand, the *Préfets* have taken the field again for new elections, many of them refreshing the electors with a proclamation to stimulate their zeal. The words of the *Préfet de l'Eure* deserve to be quoted: "Remember," he says, "that to abstain from voting is a negation of your civic rights; remember that it is an act of ingratitude towards the Government which makes an appeal to the electoral power; that it is a desertion from the ranks in which you marched on two former solemn occasions, and that such indifference is an abandonment of the most precious interests of our country! Certain persons devoted to the most dangerous doctrines, enemies of your interests, hostile to the generous Government of Prince Louis Napoleon, have dared to solicit *election*, and to make an appeal to your credulity. They deceive you now as they have always deceived you. They speak in the name of the people, and preach revolt against that authority which is the most sovereign expression of its confidence and of its will. Remember, they are all branded with disgrace, in the name of society and of our country; remember that their candidature is nothing but a trap to surprise your good faith, an insolent defiance of your own rights and of the rights of him to whom you have confided the salvation of France. Remember, above all, that the men who have refused the oath of fidelity to the Government of Louis Napoleon, have denied the right of universal suffrage, and violated the will of the nation. Your contempt should be the sole reply to their guilty manoeuvres, and the best exposure of their impotence."

It would be a waste of time to dwell upon all the absurdities of this language. Two facts, however, it discloses: 1. The abstention has been considerable enough to make the functionaries of Bonaparte cry out. 2. The Republicans are once more in the lists, and their eventual triumph already alarms *MM. les Préfets*. Let us wait. *Qui virga, verra*. On the other hand, in a great number of localities, the electors have protested against the manoeuvres employed by the agents of Government to secure the success of their nominees. It appears, from the protest of the electors of Marignane (*Charente-Inférieure*), that the *sous-préfet* convoked all the functionaries of the canton, and enjoined them menacingly to vote for Lucien Murat, and that his threats involved, not loss of office alone, but *exile to Algeria*.

Great preparations are making for the *réf* of the 15th inst. The outlay will be enormous. Games on a vast scale will be instituted in different parts of Paris, to carry out the famous maxim of the Roman Emperors, "*Panem et Circenses*." With bread and

shows our Ruler pretends to muzzle the people. For this coming *réf* a complete amnesty of all parties was announced. It was discussed more than once in the Council, and rejected. Louis Bonaparte took the side of clemency, and his Ministers that of severity. It was put to the vote, and the farce concluded with a rejection of the proposal.

But, not to cheat public expectation, excited by these rumours, too grossly, some few representatives of the people, banished by the decrees of the 10th of January, have been permitted to return from exile. The decree of last January had established two categories—temporary banishment and perpetual exile. Of the eighteen banished under the former category, eight are allowed to return to France—viz., MM. Crétan, Duvergier de Hauranne, Chambolle, Thiers, de Rémusat, Jules de Lasteyrie, General Leydet, and Anthony Thouriet. Of the sixty-six representatives banished for perpetuity, seven are authorized to return—viz., MM. Renaud, Signard, Théodore Bac, Joly, Belin, Besse, and Millotte. I need scarcely add, that all the agents of Government, and all the official journals, have received orders to make a great ado of this peddling act of clemency.

By order of Louis Bonaparte, dramatic performances are to be given gratuitously at the three principal theatres on the 15th instant. *Cinna* (or, the *Clemency of Augustus*), Corneille's tragedy, is to be presented, in allusion to the recall of some fifteen citizens. Paid *claqueurs* will occupy, as a matter of course, the principal seats, and will give the signal for applause to the crowd.

Victor Hugo's *brochure* on "Napoleon the Little" circulates secretly in France. It is written with admirable vigour and vivacity. As I am not aware whether you may have yet introduced it to your readers, I submit one or two of the most salient and remarkable passages.*

"The men who, in their character of representatives, had received in trust for the people the oath of December 20, 1848, and who beheld its violation, had with their mandate assumed two duties: the first, whenever that oath should be violated, to rise up to oppose their breasts to the bullets of the usurper, regarding neither the number nor the strength of the enemy; to shield with their bodies the sovereignty of the people, and with the resolve to combat and depose the usurper, to seize every arm, from the laws that may be found in the code, to the paving-stones up-torn in the streets. The second duty was, after having accepted the combat and all its hazards, to accept proscription with all its miseries; to stand up for ever in the face of the traitor, his *oath* in their hands to cry for justice; never to bend, never to relent; to be implacable; to seize the crowned perjurer, if not by the arm of the law, by the grasp of truth; to burn red in the blaze of history the words of his oath, and to brand with those burning words his brow. The writer of these lines is one of those who recoiled from no endeavour to accomplish the first of these duties: in writing these pages he fulfils the second. It is time to re-awaken the conscience of Men. Since the 2nd December, 1851, a successful ambush, an odious and disgraceful crime, triumphs and dominates, rises to the height of a theory of government, expands in the face of the sun, makes laws, renders decrees, takes society, religion, and domestic virtues under its protection; gives the hand to the potentates of Europe, calling them 'brother, or cousin.' This crime no man denies, not even the men who won, and who live by it, and who only say, 'it was a necessary act?' not even the chief malefactor; he only says that he has been 'absolved.' This crime includes all other crimes: treason in the conception—perjury in the execution—murder and assassination in the assault—spoliation, swindling, robbery in the triumph. This crime bears within its bosom as integral parts of itself—the suppression of law, the violation of constitutionally inviolable guarantees, arbitrary sequestration, confiscation of property, nocturnal massacres, secret butcheries, 'commissions' replacing tribunals, ten thousand citizens transported, forty thousand citizens proscribed, sixty thousand families ruined and driven to despair. These facts are patent! Ah! well, painful as it may be to confess, the assent of silence follows the crime: it is there, present, visible, sensible to the sight and touch: men let it pass, they go to their business; the shops are open, the Exchange gambles; trade, sitting on its bales, rubs its hands contentedly, and we are approaching the time when all will be treated as a matter of course! The man who sells a yard of cloth does not hear the very measure he holds in his hand say, 'It is a false measure that rules.' The dealer who weighs an article of commerce hears not the balance lift its voice and say, 'It is a false weight that governs.'

* We have received a copy of this energetic and fiery indictment. It will receive distinct notice next week in another part of our paper.—ED. of *Leader*.

"Singular ORDER is this, having disorder for its basis, in the negation of all rights, its stability founded on iniquity. In these days let every man who wears a scarf, a robe, or a uniform, let all who serve that man know well, that when they deem themselves the agents of a Power, they are but the 'comrades of a pirate.' Since the 2nd of December there are no more functionaries in France—there are only *accomplices*. The moment has come for every man to declare what he has done, and what he is still doing. The gendarmes that arrested the citizens whom the man of Strasbourg and Boulogne calls insurgents, arrested the guardians of the Constitution: the judge who tried the combatants of Paris and the provinces, set in the dock the upholders of the law. The gaoler who turned the dungeon-hold upon the condemned prisoners, held in durane the defenders of the Republic and of the State. The African general who imprisons at Lambessa the transported victims sinking under the burning heat, shuddering with fever, digging furrows which will be their graves—that General, I say, robs, tortures, murders men with whom is the right. All—generals, officers, gendarmes, judges—all are guilty of a heinous crime: they are the persecutors—do not say of innocent men, but of heroes—not of victims, but of martyrs! The present aspect of things, seemingly calm, is really troubled. Let none be mistaken: when public morality is eclipsed, a dreadful shadow creeps over the whole order of society: every guarantee is lost—all protection vanishes.

"Feneforth there exists no longer in France a tribunal, a court, a judge that dare administer justice or pronounce a sentence upon any man, in any matter. Drag before the assizes what criminal you will, the thief will say to the judge—'The Chief of the State stole 25 millions out of the Bank'; the false witness will say to the judge—'The Chief of the State swore an oath before God and man, and that oath he broke'; the man accused of arbitrary sequestration will say—'The Chief of the State arrested and imprisoned, in spite of every law, the representatives of the sovereign people'; the swindler will say—'The Chief of the State swindled his mandate, swindled his power, swindled the Tuilleries'; the forger will say—'The Chief of the State falsified the suffrage'; the footpad will say—'The Chief of the State plundered, like a cut-purse, the Princes of the house of Orleans'; the murderer will say—'The Chief of the State mowed down by grape and musket shot, sabred, and bayonetted the passers-by in the open street'; and all alike, and with one voice, swindler, forger, false witness, footpad, burglar, assassin, will cry—'And you, judges, you went to salute that man, you went to praise him for his perjury, to compliment him for having so adroitly forged, to glorify him for having swindled, to congratulate him on having robbed, and to thank him for having murdered.'

"This is a grave posture of affairs; to fall asleep on such a state of things would be one disgrace the more! It is time, I say, that this monstrous lethargy of the public conscience be shaken off; after the scandalous triumph of crime let there not be witnessed the far more scandalous indifference of the civilized world; if that were to be, avenging history would record the recompence; and from this very day, as the wounded lion seeks solitude to die, so the man of justice would hide his face in the midst of the common degradation, and take refuge in the immensity of contempt. But this will not be, men will awake and arouse themselves. This book has no other object than to rouse them from their sleep," &c. &c. &c.

This brochure circulates, as I have said, clandestinely. Thousands of copies have been sold, and create prodigious sensation. Public opinion is deeply moved. Every effort is made to introduce it into the provinces, especially the rural districts. The latest *ordonnance* against hawkers of pamphlets was specially directed against this terrible denunciation. You may conceive how the Government dreads its power. S.

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

The Treaty of Commerce of 1845, between France and Belgium, has been suffered to lapse without any provisional renewal by the two Governments. The *Moniteur* ascribes this result to the Ministerial crisis in Belgium; and asserts that negotiations, "which it is hoped may terminate favourably," are still in progress. In some quarters it is surmised that Belgium looks with no favourable eye on these conventions, and is indisposed to renew them.

A Paris letter in the *Emancipation*, of Brussels, mentions the expulsion from France of the correspondent of a Hungarian journal, who came to Paris with M. Teleki in '48.

M. Pergigny is at Dieppe, *en congé*, M. Magne taking his portfolio of the Home Department.

The President set out on Saturday last, quite suddenly, to visit his recently purchased estate in Le Sologne, where extensive works of drainage are in progress. He returned to St. Cloud on Monday night, and on the following morning his departure was announced in the *Moniteur*.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is taking a cruise from port to port. He has visited Havre, Cherbourg, and St. Malo. The inauguration of the statues in bronze of Bernardin de Saint Pierre and Casimir Delavigne took place on Sunday, at Havre. The statues are executed by David (d'Angers). The Académie Française had deputed M. de Salvandy and Alfred de Musset to represent that body at the ceremony, but M. Salvandy was prevented from attending by a sudden indisposition. The arts and sciences were respectively represented by the Count de Nieuwerkerke and M. Michel Chevalier. When the statues were uncovered in the presence of the municipality, M. A. de Musset made a brief speech, in which, alluding to the unexpected absence of M. de Salvandy, who was to have made the speech, he said he could not venture to dilate upon the graceful tenderness of the author of "Paul and Virginia," or the manly genius and pure style of Casimir Devigne, without study and reflection. M. Ancelot, of the Academy, read some verses composed for the occasion. Count de Pelleport, a relative of Bernardin de St. Pierre, thanked the town of Havre for the honour done to his ancestor.

M. Franoni, the recalcitrant Archbishop of Turin, has been on a visit to the Cardinal Archbishop of Béziers.

The Grand Council of Neuchâtel has passed a law for the punishment of high treason, rebellion, and sedition. This law is intended to restrain the manoeuvres of the Prussian monarchical faction in the Canton.

The latest accounts of the Emperor of Austria's progress in Hungary are from Klausenburg, where he was on the 3rd instant. He was expected at Vienna on the 14th instant.

The presence of the Archbishop of Paris at the Faculty of Letters of Paris, on a recent occasion, is considered a demonstration by the head of the church in France, in favour of the classical system of education condemned by the Univers and the Abbé Gaume. A thesis in Latin, and one in French, were delivered; the former was a defence of Pope St. Gregory against the charge of having persecuted letters and destroyed the *chefs-d'œuvre* of antiquity; and the latter, on the study of profane literature during the early ages of the Christian era. The conclusions of the candidates were altogether in favour of the system followed for so many ages in the French schools.

The dispute between the ultra-clerical party and the State on the projected Civil Marriage Law, is still raging in Piedmont. The Bishops of Savoy have issued a violent address declaring any catholic married under the new law as *ipso facto* excommunicate: his wife a concubine, and her offspring illegitimate. The Sardinian Government has taken no notice of this ecclesiastical protest; but M. Peinat, the Minister of the Interior, has in a circular warned the provincial authorities against the factious agitations of the priests.

The *Baste Gazette* announces that the petition of the populace of Friburg against the Government imposed on them was rejected by the Federal Assembly, on the 5th inst., by a majority of 79 to 18 voters. Filangieri has resigned, and since resumed the government of Sicily.

The trials for the revolt of May 15, have again commenced at Naples.

An electric telegraph has been put up between Naples and Gaeta. This is the first experiment of the sort in the kingdom. The material is all English.

The *Corriere Mercantile* quotes letters from Rome of the 4th, stating that Austria and France have it in contemplation to withdraw their troops from the Roman states, leaving only about 2,000 French at Civita Vecchia, and a small Austrian garrison at Ancona. This is to be done as soon as the Papal troops shall have been organized. We need scarcely add that the materials for a *Popol*, as distinguished from a *national army*, do not exist at Rome.

Our Mediterranean fleet, increased by the screw-squadron from Lisbon, under the orders of Admiral Dundas, is cruising off Cape Le Gatt, trying rates of sailing, exercising crews at gunnery, &c. The *Firebrand* employed to take the mails to and fro to Gibraltar, has lately been indulging the "rank and fashion" of Malaga to a grand ball given by the officers of the squadron in the offing, who, no doubt, were glad enough to refresh themselves from their labours at sea by a peep at the "beauties" of the Spanish shore.

"VON BECK"—ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

ACCORDING to promise we present the reader with the important evidence contained in Mr. Touliu Smith's pamphlet on the Von Beck imposture:

The Statement of the United States Chargé d'Affaires.

"The book itself, published under pretence of its having been written by this woman, contains abundant internal evidence of its want of authenticity. This evidence would pass unobserved by the mass of English readers, requiring, as it does, a familiarity with the details of places and events. Several such instances were pointed out at the hearing before the Magistrates at Birmingham. But an illustrative instance can now be given of the absence of authenticity, even in points with which, as the servant of the principal spy, Racidula might be supposed to have been acquainted. On page 36, &c., of *Personal Adventures* (first edition), it is told how the pretended writer—this woman of 54, as sworn by Derra at the trial at Warwick—was sent to the United States Embassy at Vienna, and how she concealed her despatches. Mr. Stiles, the United States Chargé d'Affaires, has lately published his own narrative of what then took place. Let the two be compared. It will be found that they are wholly irreconcilable, both as to the person and the mode of carrying the despatches. The upholders of the Imposture must necessarily charge Mr. Stiles with wilful and motiveless falsehood. Every one else will see, as the fact was, that this Impostor never went on such a mission at all. It was the person named in Mr. Pulsky's and Mr. Hajnik's letters, as the 'principal spy,' who was sent on that mission. Racidula picked

up only a clumsy and erroneous account of it—wrong even in the dates.

The Impostor's Account.

"Görgy entrusted me with a despatch for the — Embassy at Vienna. . . . I had entrusted to me a letter from Kossuth to the — Embassy [&c. &c., including another blunder in calling Mr. Motschitsky a *Borsa*, which he is not.] My military friends advised me to conceal the letters in my haversack. This did not appear to me good counsel. . . . I caused one of the planks of the cart to be hollowed out at the end, without breaking the surface of the side, and placed all my letters in the space thus formed. The plank was then replaced, and the joining at the end rubbed over with clay. . . . On the evening of December the 5th I left Presburg. . . . Early on the 6th I entered Vienna. . . . I repaired to the Hotel of the — Embassy, where I was received with the greatest attention. . . . In the evening I received the promised answer of the — Ambassador to Kossuth's letter."

Mr. Stiles' Account.

"On the night of the 2nd December, 1848, the author was seated in the Office of the Legation of the United States at Vienna, when his servant introduced a young female, who desired, as she said, to see him at once upon urgent business. She was a most beautiful and graceful creature, and, though attired in the dress of a peasant, the grace and elegance of her manner, the fluency and correctness of her French, at once denoted that she was nearer a princess than a peasant. . . . [A wagon rack was fetched into the room.] This rack, which is a fixture attached either to the fore or back part of a peasant's wagon, and intended to hold hay for the horses during a journey, was composed of small slats, about two inches wide, and about the eighth of an inch thick, crossing each other at equal distances, constituting a semicircular net-work. . . . An hour nearly was consumed before we could get the rack in pieces. When this was accomplished, we saw nothing before us but a pile of slats; but the fair courier, taking them up one by one, and examining them very minutely, at length selected a piece, exclaiming, 'This is it!' By the aid of a penknife, to separate its parts, the slat was found to be composed of two pieces, hollowed out in the middle, and affording space enough to hold a folded letter. . . .

"The statement, therefore, of a person assuming the title and name of Baroness Beck, and who, in a work upon the Hungarian War, published in England about two years ago, claimed for herself the credit of having been the bearer of the despatch referred to, is altogether without foundation."—*Austria* in 1848-9, vol. ii. p. 156, note.

"Mr. Stiles expressly says, on the 12th December of the same year, that he had 'heard nothing more from either side.'—*Ib.*, p. 403.

Diary of one of the Impostor's Comrades.

"Some very remarkable additional evidence relating to this imposture has been furnished by a *Diary* written in the Hungarian tongue, which was found in the house whose hospitality the impostor had abused in Birmingham. It contains no name or mark indicating who was the writer. It was not written by the principal impostor herself, for she could neither write nor speak Hungarian. Two of her comrades (besides Derra) visited her while there: but each of these, like Derra himself, denied at Warwick, that he had ever called her as she is called in this *Diary*. Who was the writer is, however, of no importance. The contents, of which the opportunity of inspecting a translation has been afforded me, speak for themselves. It will be enough here to call attention to a few points.

"The *Diary* extends from the 1st of January to the 26th of August, 1851. The first noticeable fact is, that the impostor is therein many times called 'Racidula'; never, except once with a sneer, spoken of as 'Baroness.' Where not called 'Racidula,' she is called simply 'Beck,' with the feminine termination.

"On the 6th of January is the entry, 'Conspiracy [whatever] is the force of the original at —'s?' and several other entries occur, showing the sort of thing that was going on in this direction.

"Attention must now be recalled to the documents No. II. and III. above.* The date of each of them is 15th January. Now in the *Diary* there occurs on the 12th of January, the following entry:—'Consultation at Racidula's.' And, on the 15th itself, the writer expressly enters:—'At Racidula's.' There can be no doubt that these letters were planned at the 'consultation' of the 12th. In the begging letter of the 15th the impostor says she is 'abandoned by her friends, without acquaintances,' and declares she must die of hunger if not relieved. But it is proved, by this *Diary*, that, at the very time this letter was sent off, the writer of the *Diary* was frequently with her; that 'consultations' were held with her; and on the 9th of February is the entry, 'With Beck and her comrades.' And it appears by the same *Diary* that, with no means of lawful income appearing since the date of the letter of the 15th January, this woman and her comrades lived in anything but a starveling state.

"From the same *Diary* it is demonstrated that the writer of it was also the concierge of the whole or greater part of the book which was to be foisted on the public as the *Autobiography of the Baroness Von Beck*. No less than three 'agreements' with her are expressly mentioned. The following entries speak for themselves:—March 3. 'My work pleases Beck.' March 7. 'Beck has had my work copied.' March 20. 'Beck has great need of me.' April 25. 'Much writing of Beck's Memoirs.' April 28. 'First volume of Memoirs.' August 6—two days after it is recorded in the same *Diary* that the writer of the *Diary* remained in London—'New beginning of Beck's Autobiography.' August 11. 'Memoir writing.' In the same

* Two begging letters, stating that Von Beck was in a starving and friendless condition.

Diary are entries of disappointments in payments of money by the woman to the writer, and of actual payments made; while, in another part of the same document, there is found a page of accounts, in which, on the creditor side, stands the following:—

MEMOIRS.		£	s.	d.
May 20th.		1	0	0
Copying		9	10	6
Original		17	3	6
[Other credits are mentioned, amounting to]		27	13	9
Paid		8	2	0
		£19	11	9

"Thus the Diarist very properly charges, not only for his labour in writing the *original* of the pretended 'Autobiography,' but for the copying of the first manuscript. No doubt this was in the terms arranged in the three agreements (March 1 and 9, and April 12) already mentioned.

"One public journal has vouchcd that the woman 'conducted herself with entire respectability upon English soil.' Without polluting these pages with any of the disgusting details which it would have been proper for the defendants, in the case of *Derry v. Dawson and others*, to have proved, and which they were prepared to prove had not the plaintiff broken down, it is quite sufficient to take, on this matter, the words of this Diary. Such entries as the following are conspicuous:—'Beck is a real hag'; 'The lesson has been useful to Beck'; 'Quarrel with Beck'; 'Beck grows daily tamer'; 'The Baroness furious on account of —'; 'Beck a harpy'; &c. &c."

The remaining evidence consists of three letters. One from General Kmetz, stating that Von Beck mentions his name in her book "several times, always coupled with insipidly absurd untruths." Another from Baron Cesar Mednyansky, showing that there are only two ladies living who bear the name of Baroness Beck, both born Horeczky, the name Racidula gave as her maiden name; and that there never were any other ladies of that name married to any gentleman of the Beck family of late years. Baron Mednyansky's statement is circumstantial; he himself is a friend of the family. The third letter is from Captain Hahn, who states, from personal knowledge, that he found that Racidula had been a domestic servant at Vienna.

These are Mr. Smith's new allegations in proof of the imposture. But we think it right to reprint the following, in order that another opportunity may be given to those who ought to refute it if they are able:—

Statement of Charles de Soden.

"13, Sussex-street, University-street, Aug. 26, 1851.

"In reply to the inquiry contained in your kind note, I beg to inform you that the person styling herself 'Baroness de Beck' is the same who, accompanied by Dr. Heinemann, offered personally her services as a spy and informer to the recently established foreign branch of the English police force. This I know from good authority, and I know likewise that for a fortnight or three weeks she has obtained for such services the sum of 5*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.* per week. It is also no secret to me that the *soi-disant* Baroness introduced herself to the Commissioners of the Police by forwarding a letter written by Dr. Heinemann, and containing an enclosure, which consisted of some articles and regulations adopted by an association of the German Communists in London. With regard to Mihaleczi, he himself has admitted to me that the baroness instigated him to the attack on your husband, and that she has defrauded all the expenses of the subsequent proceedings. Should it be requisite, I will with much pleasure substantiate the above statement by the production of unexceptionable evidence. Trusting you will use your best endeavours in placing the illiterate she-impostor before the public in her true character, and in tearing the mask from her unblushing countenance, I beg to subscribe myself yours very respectfully,

(Signed) "CHARLES DE SODEN."

THE NORWOOD NUNNERY.

The case of Griffiths *v. De l'Espinasse*, came on for trial at Guildford, on Thursday, and occupied the court till Saturday. Mr. Montague Chambers, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Lush conducted the case for the plaintiff; Mr. Sergeant Shee, Mr. Brunwell, and Mr. Willes appeared for the defendant.

The plaintiff, Henrietta Griffiths, was a girl of fifteen or sixteen years old. She had lost both her parents, and was dependent upon an aunt for subsistence. In the year 1849, she was placed by Cardinal Wiseman at the convent of Norwood, of which the defendants, Madame de l'Espinasse and Madame Theodosie, were the superiors. There were two classes of inmates in the convent, one consisting of young ladies who paid 30*l.* a year for their board and education; the other called the orphanage class, and consisting of poor children, for whom only 15*l.* a year was received. The household work of the establishment seems to have been performed by the children of the orphanage class. They usually rose at half-past four in the morning, and went to bed at nine.

The declaration alleged that the defendants, having undertaken to provide proper food and nourishment to the plaintiff, had neglected to do so; that they had worked her beyond her strength, and had improperly confined and otherwise ill-treated her, to such an ex-

tent that she had been much injured in health, and had lost the sight of one eye.

It seems that the girl was in a bad state of health when she entered the convent, and was generally of a very scrofulous habit.

Mr. Montague Chambers opened the case with a detailed account of her grievances.

He then called Griffiths herself as witness. After stating the circumstances of her entering the convent, she went on to describe their diet. Their breakfast consisted of soup, made of peas and rice, which was also given to them for dinner sometime, with the addition—about three times a week—of meat, of which they had as much as they could eat. For supper, they had vegetables, such as cabbage. There was a punishment, which they called "the trial class." They were made to sit on a low stool, facing a whitewashed wall close to them, and they were not allowed to look round or speak. They were kept thus from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night, and this was often continued for several days. Griffiths then told a strange story, about Cardinal Wiseman coming to visit the convent, and about a robe which she was to present to him as having been made by her class, although in fact she had never seen it before. According to her account, she displeased the superiors because she would not tell him that she had had a hand in the making of it. For this offence, she stated that she had been placed in the kitchen for punishment. The damp and cold of the kitchen, together with the hard work which she was set to there, made her ill. When Dr. Chapman, the medical attendant of the convent, noticed that she had grown worse and worse, he was told that she had not taken her medicine. She told the doctor that she had always taken what was given to her, and for saying this she had to undergo the punishment of prostration. This was lying on the face upon the floor. She was afterwards kept in a small, dark closet, being threatened with the "trial class" if she should attempt to go out. For three months she was kept there, from four in the morning till nine at night, without being allowed to go out for any purpose. There was neither chair nor table in the room, and she was obliged to lie on the floor. One day they forgot to bring her any food, and left her in the closet all night. At one time she was placed in the trial class for refusing to go to confession, her eye being then very bad. Dr. Chapman then ordered her beer and meat twice a day, but no alteration was made in her food. She had sometimes water, coloured with beer, to drink. She continued to get worse. At one time her aunt saw her, and was very much shocked at her appearance. In reply to some inquiry of the superior, the aunt was told that they did not allow any one to interfere in cases of illness. They would not allow her aunt to take her to an oculist, until the aunt threatened to apply to a magistrate. She was at length taken to Dr. Alexander, who said that her life depended on the way in which she was treated. Her aunt offered to send her some stout, but the superior would not allow it. When she at last left the convent, and went to live with her aunt, she was told by the assistant superior, that if she said anything about what took place in the convent, she would be damned. On cross-examination, she admitted that the doctor had ordered her to be kept in the shade, on account of the state of her eyes, and this might have been the reason of her confinement in a dark room.

Mr. Alexander, the oculist, said she had been brought to him from Norwood; the sight of her left eye was

completely gone, and her right eye was in much danger.

The second time he saw her she appeared no better, but a fortnight after she had been removed from the convent he found her considerably improved.

A clerk to the plaintiff's attorney proved that, for a week before the trial, he had endeavoured to serve Cardinal Wiseman with a subpoena, but had been unable to get access to him. He had applied to the secretary of Cardinal Wiseman for his address, but the secretary had refused to give him any information. He had not served the aunt with a subpoena, as she had promised to be present at the trial.

Mr. Sergeant Shee, in his defence, urged the jury to consider the character of the defendants, who were ladies of superior education, and, from benevolent motives, had taken upon themselves the task of instructing poor persons, in order to give them a better chance of providing for themselves. He submitted that the case had been trumped up, to increase the prejudice against such institutions, and urged that if the charge had been honestly made, the aunt herself would have been present. He then called witnesses, who contradicted almost every statement of the plaintiff.

Madame Dosselle, who had been the superior when Griffiths first came to the convent, and had been succeeded by Madame De l'Espinasse, gave some account of the mode of life of the orphanage class. She said they had meat four times a week. The children were

never kept in the "trial class" room for any length of time, but were always allowed to take exercise during the day. They were placed with their faces to the wall, to avoid the temptation of speaking. Griffiths appeared very weak and feeble when she came to the convent; she was treated with every kindness and attention. A certain amount of food was allowed for the children, but she believed they always had more.

Madame De l'Espinasse, who succeeded Madame Dosselle, did not think that she had ever punished Griffiths in any way, or ordered any punishment to be inflicted on her. She had never placed her in the trial class or in the kitchen. The directions which Dr. Chapman had given as to her treatment had been carried out in every particular. It was by his directions that she was placed in a dark room. She was placed in several rooms, one of which was very small, being eight feet by five, but she was not kept long in this room. She had a seat in each room. She was kept apart from the others, at first, because she had an eruption on the skin. She could not have been forgotten for a day and a night when she was in the darkened room: the arrangements of the convent would render such a thing impossible. She was never forced to go to confession, nor was any threat ever made use of to compel her to do so. She was never punished by prostration. Madame De l'Espinasse never refused to allow her to go with her aunt to see the oculist. Her aunt never made any complaint as to her treatment, but, on the contrary, expressed great gratitude for the kindness shown to her. Madame de l'Espinasse continued the system of diet which had been practised by Madame Dosselle, with but little alteration. She provided meat for the children five times a week. The meat given to them was of the same kind as that provided for the boarders, who paid 30*l.* a year. The weekly consumption of meat was from 350 to 370 pounds, and there were about 100 inmates in the house. The children were allowed to go out to walk for an hour after dinner, and, in summer, for half an hour after breakfast. There were generally about thirty children in delicate health in the establishment, and these were allowed more meat. [It seems as if there must be some error in this statement, as there were but thirty-two in the orphanage class;—especially when compared with the subsequent statement of Mr. Chapman, that the health of these children was remarkably good.] Fifteen, only, of the orphanage class were paid for entirely, the rest being partly supported by the establishment. Madame De l'Espinasse positively declared that Griffiths was never treated in any way differently from the others, except in accordance with the medical directions. She was, in fact, treated rather more favourably than the others, as they had an especial interest in her. On cross-examination, Madame De l'Espinasse said that one child wished to remain in the trial class room for an indefinite period, in order that she might correct herself. The chief severity of this punishment was, that they were separated from the other children, and were not allowed to speak to one another. They were never more than six hours during the day in that room, except in rainy weather, when they might have been there twelve hours. It was not by the desire of the aunt that Griffiths left the convent, but, when the aunt took her away the first time, Madame De l'Espinasse wished to get rid of the girl altogether. She was never locked up in a dark room, but remained there voluntarily.

Mr. Chapman, the medical officer to the convent, said, that the general health of the establishment was very good, and the health of the orphans in particular. He had seen Griffiths in January, 1850, and had been struck with her scrofulous appearance. He had no reason to suppose that she did not have proper food or that his recommendations had not been complied with. He had no doubt that the complaint in her eye resulted from a scrofulous habit of body. He thought the diet of the establishment was quite sufficient for the children. The kitchen of the convent was well ventilated, and he saw no damp about it. Mr. W. Street, a surgeon at Norwood, called at the request of the plaintiff's friends, confirmed Mr. Chapman's opinions as to the treatment of Griffiths. From all that he had seen, the convent appeared to be conducted with great care and kindness, particularly in cases of illness. He did not think that a child of the age of Griffiths was at all likely to be injured by being kept in the trial class-room at intervals during the day.

Miss Eliza Forbes Leith, one of the nuns at Norwood, was next called, and confirmed the former statements respecting the diet at the establishment. Meat was provided for the children five times a week, and the quantity was ample. The breakfast soup, however, was made of dripping and broth. Six poor persons were supported by what was left on the plates throughout the establishment. She had the charge of the class in which Griffiths was placed, and as far

as Miss Leith knew, she was never punished but by having a piece of paper fixed upon her head, inscribed with the words "*Méfiez vous de cet enfant.*" This was inflicted for stealing some needles belonging to another child. Miss Leith had never heard of her being required to say or to do anything with regard to the robe presented to Cardinal Wiseman. She knew that Griffiths was of a scrupulous habit; she thought that at one time she did not have enough meat.

Madame Desirée de Breville, known in religion as Sister St. Théodosie, had succeeded Miss Leith in the management of her class. Griffiths had only been placed once in the trial class, and that was for saying that she would never obey one of her mistresses. She was quite sure that Griffiths was never forced to go to confession. This was always a voluntary act on the part of the children. She was also sure that meat and beer were provided for Griffiths according to the doctor's directions. She had porter given to her, but she often would not drink it, and sometimes threw it away.

Madame Foliot, one of the nuns who managed the kitchen when Griffiths was sent there, declared that the girl was never set to do anything that was beyond her strength, or was likely to injure her health. She was in the kitchen from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night.

Madame Armant Degier, the cook, stated that Griffiths had never done anything in the kitchen but light work.

Elizabeth Bedser, one of the girls who had been in the orphanage class in the convent, at the same time as the plaintiff, bore testimony to the kind treatment she had experienced when there. They had always as much to eat as they wanted, and sometimes more, and were allowed to take plenty of exercise. She had been in the trial class for disobedience, and "she deserved to be sent there." For the first offence they were usually kept there eight days, for the second fourteen, and for the third twenty days. They were kept there six or seven hours at a time. Three other girls gave similar evidence as to their kind treatment when amongst the orphans in the convent; one of them declared she had sometimes seen Griffiths throw part of her meat away.

Mr. Montague Chambers, in his reply, was very severe upon Cardinal Wiseman for having evaded the service of the subpoena. He dwelt particularly upon the soup, made of dripping, and made much of the number of hours the girl had been worked in the kitchen. He thought that the trial class was a very cruel punishment, and urged that looking so long at a white surface was very painful to the eyes.

The Chief Justice, in summing up, strongly censured Cardinal Wiseman for evading the service of the subpoena, although the affair in which he had been concerned had nothing to do with the question. He did not think that the absence of the aunt amounted to anything. There was a mystery about the child; if she was the illegitimate child of the brother of Dr. Griffiths, the Bishop of Gibraltar, that would probably account for the interest shown towards her by Cardinal Wiseman. The judge thought it would not be sufficient to prove an innocent omission on the part of the defendants to do something that might possibly have been beneficial to the plaintiff. There appeared to be great confusion in the evidence of Griffiths in regard to the dates; the affair of the robe could not have taken place at the time she represented it. With regard to the diet, he thought that even if they had meat but three times a week they could hardly consider it as insufficient. As to the discipline of the convent, they must take into consideration that the religion to which both parties belonged was severe in its forms and ceremonies. If the defendants did not desire the benefit of the child he did not see what motive they could have in calling in their own doctor as well as another.

The jury, after deliberating three quarters of an hour, returned a verdict for the defendants.

EMIGRANTS' TRANSIT DIFFICULTIES.

MR. THOMAS WOOLLEY, of Cullum-street, Lime-street, ship agent, appeared before the Lord Mayor, on Tuesday, in answer to a summons obtained under the Passengers' Act, 12th and 13th Vic. c. 32, on the following facts. Mr. H. F. Bastard, of Portsea, was desirous of emigrating to Australia, and having noticed an advertisement stating that the ship *Alfred* would sail for Port Philip on the 7th of July, his father, Mr. H. J. Bastard, went to town, and engaged a cabin passage, paying ten guineas as a deposit, and being at the time positively assured that the vessel would sail on the day stated. He took a receipt for the money, at the foot of which were the words, "To sail about the 7th of July." The word "about" being inserted by one of the clerks as from an afterthought, after Mr. Bastard had first taken the receipt. Mr. Bastard having got everything ready for his son, an advertisement appeared in the *Times* stating that the vessel would not sail till

the 17th. On the 10th, Mr. Bastard received a letter stating that the time of departure was put off till the 25th, and another afterwards announcing a further delay till the 30th. Another postponement till the 6th of August induced Mr. Bastard to abandon his intention of sailing by that vessel, and he accordingly wrote to Mr. Woolley demanding his deposit, and 10*l.* as a compensation for the trouble and expense he had been put to. Mr. Woolley denied that he was under any contract to sail on the 7th of July, but offered to return the deposit, or to pay one shilling a-day as detention money, from the time Mr. Bastard first went to London.

Mr. Joseph Gull, a partner of Mr. Woolley, denied that they had entertained any idea of acting illiberally towards their passengers. He maintained that the case came under the 33rd section of the act, limiting the demand to one shilling a-day; and he stated that if the 32nd section were put in practice in the case of inevitable postponement, the owners or charterers of vessels would be put to such a ruinous expense that prudent firms would be deterred from engaging to carry out emigrants.

The Lord Mayor remarked that they had been postponing from time to time, and inquired when they would be ready to start. Mr. Gull replied, "To-morrow morning." On the other hand, it was stated, on behalf of Mr. Bastard, that the vessel was not yet fitted up. It was urged that if Mr. Bastard were now to embark in this vessel, he might on the voyage be disagreeably reminded of the proceedings he was now taking.

The Lord Mayor thought that the 32nd section of the act would apply to this case, but he by no means considered that the ship agents had committed any intentional wrong. The case was postponed till the next day.

Mr. Woolley appeared again at the Mansion House on Wednesday. His case was argued by Mr. Ballantine, who urged that Mr. Bastard's claim was excessive. Alderman Finnis observed that the act gave the agent the option of procuring a passage in another vessel within forty-eight hours. The decision of the Liverpool magistrate [which is given below] was referred to by Mr. Wontner, who urged that the cases were precisely similar.

Alderman Finnis said the subject was very important, and that he had carefully considered it. He thought the paper signed by Mr. Woolley was to all intents and purposes a *bond fide* contract. The delay had been unreasonable, and the strong points in Mr. Bastard's case had been admitted by Mr. Woolley's letter.

Mr. Ballantine again stated that the ship would sail the next day, but Mr. Wontner said that his client, as well as ten or a dozen more of the emigrants, were now disposed to go by that vessel.

It was finally arranged to refer the matter to the arbitration of Captain Lean.

A similar case was brought before Mr. Mansfield, the stipendiary magistrate of Liverpool. The *City of Lincoln* had been detained fifteen days beyond the time of sailing on account of the charterers not having paid the whole of the contract money to the owner. It was decided that the case came within the 32nd section of the act. The plaintiff recovered 15*l.* for his passage-money, and 3*l.* as compensation.

CITY SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERERS AT MONTREAL.

A PUBLIC meeting of merchants, bankers, and others, was held at the Mansion House on Wednesday, to take measures to relieve the distress occasioned by the recent fire at Montreal. There were present, Baron Rothschild, M.P.; Mr. B. Oliveira, M.P.; Mr. Rolt, M.P.; Messrs. A. Gillespie, C. Mills, R. C. Bevan, E. Gurney, the Governor of the Bank of England, Messrs. J. Dillon, J. Bradbury, W. Leaf, N. Gould, W. Chapman, T. H. Brooking, R. Gillespie, jun., the Rev. A. D. Campbell, of Montreal, the Hon. A. Kinnaid, M.P., the Rev. T. Binney, Messrs. R. Harrison, and S. Cope-stake.

The Lord Mayor, who presided, was sure that the citizens of London, as well as the country generally, would manifest their sympathy with those who were suffering from this calamity. He reminded them that the winter in Canada was far more severe than in this country. He had received letters from Mr. Masterman, M.P., Mr. C. S. Butler, M.P., Mr. Baring, and other gentlemen, expressing their regret that they were prevented from attending the meeting.

Mr. A. Gillespie moved the first resolution:—

"That this meeting has heard with deep regret of the late calamitous fires at Montreal, by which nearly one-third of the city, consisting principally of the dwellings of the poorer inhabitants, has been destroyed, and about 10,000 human beings have been deprived of shelter and the means of subsistence."

He mentioned the fact, that a considerable portion of the sufferers were Roman-catholics, and he hoped that Protestants would seize this opportunity of showing that they did not allow any difference of creed to interpose between the cry of suffering humanity and the sacred exercise of charity.

The Governor of the Bank of England moved the second resolution:—

"That the exertions which are being made in Canada to render assistance to the sufferers can only afford partial and temporary relief; and this meeting is of opinion that the calamity which has suddenly overtaken so many of our fellow-subjects appeals loudly to the sympathy and liberality of the British public."

This was seconded by Baron Rothschild. Mr. R. C. Bevan moved the third resolution:—

"That a subscription be now opened, and that books be left at all banking-houses in the metropolis, with a request that they will receive contributions for this object."

A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions, and to apply them in such way as they should consider most effectual.

CURIOUS WILL CASE.

A REMARKABLE case respecting a will was decided on Tuesday, after occupying the Prerogative Court for several days. The testator, Mr. John Easthope, died in January 1849, a bachelor, having personal property to the amount of 15,000*l.*, but possessed of no real estate. He had executed a will in 1844, and had kept it in his possession till September, 1846; on the third of which month he went to the office of his solicitor, Mr. Joseph Parkes (since appointed a Master in Chancery), for the purpose of revoking the appointment of his father, Sir John Easthope, as executor. This Mr. Parkes objected to, considering Mr. Easthope at that time of unsound mind. Since that time the will has not been seen or heard of. On the seventh of the same month his insanity was so decided that it was necessary to put him under restraint; a commission *de lunario inquirendo* was afterwards issued, and his father was appointed committee of his person. The papers of Mr. Easthope were, consequently, from that time in the custody of his father. A draft of the will was produced, for which Miss Easthope, a sister of the testator, endeavoured to obtain probate, alleging that the will was missing only, or if destroyed, had been destroyed either by some one else than the testator, or by the testator when of unsound mind, and consequently incapable of revoking the will. It was urged on the other hand, on behalf of Sir John Easthope, that the testator was of sound mind until the 9th of September, 1846; and that, as a diligent search had unsuccessfully been made for the will a few days after that time, there was a strong presumption that the testator had destroyed the will *animo revocandi* while he was yet of sound mind.

The bulk of the property by the alleged will was left to Miss Easthope.

The evidence given was very voluminous, but the only important parts were those alluded to below, as they were referred to Sir J. Dodson, the judge.

Mr. Parkes deposed that the testator had called upon him on the 3rd of September, 1846, and had produced the will, then perfect in every respect, requesting Mr. Parkes to revoke the appointment of his father as executor. This Mr. Parkes objected to do. Mr. Easthope then became very violent, and spoke of his father in a most disrespectful way. His conduct was such as to convince Mr. Parkes that he was insane. After leaving Mr. Parkes, Mr. Easthope met Mr. Harkness, his principal clerk, who, from his conduct and conversation at that time, also concluded that he was unsound in mind. He went afterwards to the house of Mr. Doyle, his brother-in-law, who, together with Mrs. Doyle, came to the same conclusion. Woods, a footman of Mr. Doyle, who had been accustomed to attend upon lunatics, and saw a great deal of Mr. Easthope on that and the following days, formed the same opinion as to the state of his mind. Woods also stated that about four o'clock on the morning of the 4th of September, Mr. Easthope went into the kitchen with him for a cup of tea, and there burnt a large roll of papers, amongst which were some rolls of foolscap. He threatened to knock Woods down if he attempted to save them. The will had never been seen since, and the Judge had scarcely a doubt that it had been destroyed on that occasion, and that the testator was then of unsound mind. In any case, the presumption of law was, that Mr. Easthope had destroyed the will after he had become insane. It was accordingly decided to grant probate of the draught of the will, which had been "proounded" by Miss Easthope. The Judge thought that there was no ground for suspicion that Sir John Easthope had destroyed or purposely withheld the will, or that he had failed in diligence in searching for it. Each party were to pay their own costs.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

The Northumberland Agricultural Society held their anniversary exhibition of implements and stock, in the neighbourhood of Belford, on Tuesday. There were two reaping-machines exhibited, one from Crosskill's, being a modification of Hussey's, and another invented by Mr. Dixon, of Woller, which bore a great resemblance to Hussey's, the corn when cut being delivered by a moving canvas.

The ground was crowded with visitors, when a violent storm of rain and thunder drove them helter-skelter into the tents, and kept them imprisoned there for above three hours.

The company dined at four o'clock, in the goods shed of the railway station, which was fitted up for the occasion. The chair was taken by Earl Grey; and among the visitors were, Lord Lovaine, M.P., Sir George Grey, Sir W. Trevelyan, the Hon. Captain Grey, Sir M. W. Ridley, Hon. H. T. Liddell, M.P., Mr. H. G. Liddell, M.P., Rev. Dr. Gilly, Mr. O. Cresswell, Mr. G. Burdon, Mr. C. W. Orde, Mr. Riddle, Rev. Mr. Pulteney, Rev. R. Bosanquet, the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. G. Walker, and Mr. Hodgson Hinde.

Earl Grey, in proposing "Success to the Society," spoke very favourably of the prosperity of the Society. He compared the present spirit of improvement and enterprise in agriculture with the apathy which had existed for the last sixty or seventy years among those engaged in that art. This change, he thought, was in a considerable degree to be attributed to the labours of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which this society was a very useful auxiliary. The great improvements in drainage, which had taken place in the last few years, he thought had been brought about mainly through the discoveries made known by these societies. A tenant now would not take a farm unless it were drained, or he were assured it would be. He thought that in this county the same gentlemen who had been most active in promoting the success of this society had likewise taken a leading part in setting on foot the great improvements made in providing comfortable dwelling-houses for the working population. A few years ago the cottages of the peasantry in Northumberland were a disgrace to the county; now improved and comfortable cottages were seen rising up in all directions.

The Honourable H. T. Liddell, in proposing the health of the Duke of Northumberland, pointed to the example of that nobleman in improving the dwellings of the labouring classes, as one worthy of imitation by all proprietors of land. In every part of this county it was well known how much those improvements were needed on the duke's great patrimonial estates; and now in every part, day after day, and month after month, might be seen comfortable and commodious dwellings for the labouring class rising up under the especial care and superintendence of the noble duke himself.

Other toasts were drunk; and Mr. Walter Johnston, the Secretary of the Society, read the list of the premiums which had been awarded.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The inquiry into the circumstances of the accident on the London and North Western Railway, near Coventry, was continued on Monday. Mr. Joseph Mosedale, being again examined, said he had examined the engine since the last meeting of the jury. He had found that one of the stays on the left-hand side, which attached the ash-pan, had evidently been broken for some time previously to the accident. The two on the other side were defective. The fact of one stay being broken, would much increase the strain upon the others, especially if the engine oscillated. He thought these faults could not have been detected by any one looking at the engine casually; it would have been necessary to go under the engine with a candle, to examine these parts of the machinery, and this could not be done while the fire was alight. He had no doubt that the ash-pan fell through the breaking of the stays.

Mr. Thomas Fairbairn, an engineer and locomotive builder, at Manchester, read a report, which he had drawn up after examining the engine, and the place where the accident occurred. He demonstrated that the stays, in their perfect state, were quite strong enough to bear a load vastly greater than that of the ash-pan. The appearance of the two right-hand supports, at the point of rupture, he thought clearly showed that they had been sound previously. One of the left-hand stays, he admitted, had been cracked, but a portion of the section even of that one appeared to have been still sound. He thought that nothing but a violent collision with some weighty obstruction upon the road could have caused the accident. He was surprised that such an obstruction should not have been seen by the engine-driver. The two right-hand stays showed clear proof that great force had been applied,

one of them being connected with a strip of plate torn from the side of the ash-pan. A train had passed over the spot an hour and a half previously. He did not think one person could, in that interval, have placed on the line a stone large enough to cause the accident; he thought it must have been produced by an up-standing rail.

Captain Laffan, of the Royal Engineers, who had examined the engine, and the scene of the accident, thought that the ash-pan had given way, in consequence of the failure of the supports. He did not think there could have been any obstacle on the line that could have torn off the ash-pan.

Mr. Galton, a gentleman of Leamington, a passenger by the train from that town, said that he examined the spot immediately after the accident, and could find no trace of any obstacle on the line. Fifty yards from the spot where the train ran off, the line was covered with splinters.

Another passenger, Mr. Letts, of Leamington, saw fragments of iron about the line after the accident. He saw a bar of iron three feet long, about seventy or eighty yards from the place of the accident; he thought this might have been the cause of the accident. The ballast had been ploughed up about this place for ten or a dozen yards.

The verdict of the jury states that they "are of opinion that the immediate cause of the accident was from the defective state of the stays of the ash-box, thereby causing the death of William Floyd, and the jury cannot separate without expressing their decided opinion that the inspection of those constructed engines should be made more minutely and more frequently, so as to ensure the safety of the public."

The inquest on the body of Mr. John Thomas Beddington, the other passenger who was killed by this accident, was held at Dockers-lane, on Wednesday. The evidence given was, of course, to a great extent the same as that brought before the jury at Coventry, but some fresh facts came out.

Jenkinson, the engine-driver of the up-train, stated at first, that he had, on the 22nd of July, ten days before the accident, reported his engine for certain repairs, including one of the bolts of the ash-pan and one of the stays; he thought it was the left-hand front one, (the same which Mr. Mosedale said had been broken.) He could not explain how it was that this report had not found its way into a book in which he usually entered such repairs. On further consideration, he thought he had not reported it, but had mentioned it in conversation to a smith, and it had been repaired.

Crawford stated that, on the 22nd of July, an old stay, the same left-hand front one, had been welded up. Supposing it to have been improperly welded, this defect could not have been seen on examination.

One of the passengers by the Leamington train, was inclined to attribute the accident to the guard's break not being properly screwed up. It had been before observed to "wabble about." The inquest was adjourned.

VERDICT ON THE DUCHESS OF KENT ACCIDENT.

The inquest relating to the collision between the *Duchess of Kent* and the *Ravensbourne* was closed on Wednesday. Some additional evidence was produced, which did not, however, throw much new light upon the case. The testimony of the master and chief mate of the *Meteor*, and a waterman who was on board that vessel, tended to confirm the previous statements that the *Duchess of Kent* was out of her right course in crossing the river at that place, and that the accident might have been avoided had she ported her helm. One of them thought that the man in charge of her seemed confused. On the other hand, they considered that the *Ravensbourne* was in her proper course, and could not have avoided the accident by starboating her helm.

The chief mate of the *Duchess of Kent*, who had charge of her at the time of the collision, said he intended to pass between the *Ravensbourne* and the *Meteor*, thinking that there was plenty of room, and expecting the former vessel to starboard her helm and move to the northward. All at once he saw her move to the southward; he then gave orders to turn the engines astern—"hard-a-starboard" the helm. This was against the law, but he could not port the helm, being athwart the tide.

Three seamen, and a gentleman who had been for many years accustomed to a seafaring life, gave evidence to show that the collision would not have taken place if the *Ravensbourne* had ported the helm. Some of them stated that the engines of the *Ravensbourne* were going at full speed at the time of the collision.

Mr. Hind, on the part of the friends of Mr. Sard, complained of the conduct of the Steam Packet Company in having taken no steps for nineteen days to find out the friends of the drowned man. Among his

luggage was a small portfolio, containing an order for 50*l.* and two circular 10*l.* notes, and inside the portfolio his name and address was written in full.

The jury returned the following verdict:—"That the deceased, John Sard, came by his death through an accidental collision between the *Duchess of Kent* and the *Ravensbourne* steamers, off North Fleet, on the 1st of July, 1852. The jury cannot separate without expressing their feelings in terms of strong condemnation, in consequence of the neglect of the owners of the *Duchess of Kent* not advertising the property of the said John Sard in their custody, they having had the means of ascertaining the name from papers found in his luggage which was saved from the wreck."

IRELAND.

THE inquiry at Six-mile Bridge is so slowly conducted, and the evidence so perplexed and obscure, that public interest in it is dying out. Several witnesses have been examined—Mr. Cronin, a stipendiary magistrate, and Mr. Keane, brother to "Marcus Keane," agent to Lord Conyngham, "whose voters" were being driven up to the poll, among others. Mr. Cronin stated that he saw the soldiers fire; that afterwards he examined the muskets of the escort when drawn up, and by putting his finger in the barrels ascertained who had fired. Subsequently the military authorities, after much boggling, agreed to bring up the men into the Court-house, and they were brought. Mr. Keane's evidence showed that there was a good deal of pelting, and that the soldiers were much exasperated. But he gives a very confused account of the affair; and it is clear his memory is none of the best, for he speaks of there having been hundreds of thousands of people present—*Anglice*, about three hundred. Here the matter rests, and it is impossible to say when clear-headed witness who really saw the conflict, and can state what he saw, will enter the witness-box.

The *Freeman's Journal* of Tuesday announces that two converts to the Protestant belief, who had become exalted members of the "Priests' Protection Society," in Dublin, have recanted, and gone back to the bosom of the Roman Catholic church. The names of the wandering sheep are the Rev. Richard Well, a priest of the diocese of Lismore, and the Rev. Andrew Hopkins.

Father Andrew's "conversion" is sketched in a little melodrama, which was enacted in the presence of Dr. M' Hale, who had been on a tour in the region of Belmullet. The "conscience-stricken prodigal," it seems, heard that the "archbishop" was in town. He formed a firm resolve; he sent "his Grace" humble message, imploring reconciliation with the church; and "his Grace" pronounced the coveted *absolution*. Thus restored to his *status*, the "prodigal," by way of making the *amende*, fell foul of his former patrons. Ascending the steps of the altar, Mr. Hopkins, says the enthusiastic narrator, briefly addressed the people:—

"His first exclamation was, 'Oh, how I am to be pitied,' and at once burst into tears, which drew forth the exclamations and the tears of every one present. On his partial recovery from his excitement the same exclamation was repeated, and he proceeded to state his sincere sorrow for the scandal he had given; his shame at, and unworthiness of, appearing at all in their presence, or in that holy place; and his determination to the last moment of his life to expose to the whole world the hypocrisy, the lying, and the base traffic carried on in the name of religion by the hireling proselytizers who infest this part of the west of Ireland. He can and will bear testimony to the exaggerations to which these wolves have recourse to induce the simple and bigoted zealots of all parts of the united kingdom to subscribe large funds towards their dishonest and unholy purposes as well here as in all parts of the west."

An intimation of Lord Derby's favourable disposition towards the representations of Irishmen, irrespective of all political considerations, is thus noticed in the *Dublin Evening Mail* of Monday:—

"Last year an application was made to the late Government, praying that means might be taken to translate and publish the ancient laws and institutes of Ireland, usually known as the Breton Laws. These laws—which were actually in operation, the potential code of the people of Ireland for more than 1,000 years—have never yet been translated, and are supposed to exercise an influence, perhaps now traditional, upon the Irish character, which may solve some of the anomalies which beset everything Irish. Lord John Russell last year appropriated the small sum of £200 for some preliminary inquiry. Lord Derby has given authority within the last few days for the translation and publication of the whole, and has transmitted it to Dr. Todd and Dr. Graves."

The *Dublin Evening Post* of Tuesday furnishes the following accurate return of the sales in the Encumbered Estates Court, from the opening of the commission until the 9th instant:—

The number of estates sold was 777, in 4,003 lots.
Court sales £4,715,257 10 0
Provincial sales 1,636,198 0 0
Private sales 1,002,280 12 8 <i>½</i>
Total £7,353,736 2 8 <i>½</i>

AN EPISODE IN TOWN LIFE.

CAPTAIN SHEPHERD, R.N., residing at Woodbine-cottage, Ealing, attended at the Marylebone court on Thursday, in support of a summons which he had taken out against **David Hart**, 4, Edward-street, Hampstead-road, for unlawfully detaining a portmanteau, two hats, a cap, and other articles belonging to the Captain.

Mr. Broughton (to defendant).—What are you?

Hart.—I am a "gent." (Laughter.)

Mr. Broughton.—Why do you detain these things?

Hart.—I know of nothing more than the portmanteau, which I detain for money which I have lent to the captain at different times, to pay for cigars, brandy, &c. I once had him before a magistrate at Brentford for stabbing me with a fork at Ealing, and for that offence he was confined; this proceeding, on his part, has arisen entirely through spite. He owes me 10s., and he left the portmanteau with me as security for the debt. The fact is, your worship, he is mad; there can be no mistake about it.

The Captain.—Mad, do you say? I am not mad. "When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw." Hem! Shakespeare!

Mr. Broughton.—Have you any witness, Captain Shepherd?

The Captain.—Oh, yes; I'll call a lady, **Mrs. Hartley**.

Mrs. Hartley, a stylishly dressed woman, about 35 years of age, was then sworn.

Mr. Broughton.—Are you a married woman, ma'am, or a widow?

Mrs. Hartley.—I am a widow, sir. (She here drew aside her lace veil, and face by no means unhandsome was fully exposed to view.)

Mr. Broughton.—What do you know of this business, and where do you live?

Mrs. Hartley.—I am living at the same house as **Mr. Hart**. He is not the landlord. I know that the portmanteau was left with Mr. Hart by the Captain, and I also know that he (Mr. Hart) had lent him money.

Mr. Broughton.—What do you know of Captain Shepherd?

Mrs. Hartley (blushing).—I lived with him, sir, for two or three days at Ealing, the same as if I had been his wife, but I ran away from him because he beat me severely, and shot at me often with bow and arrows. One of the arrows entered my leg. He is a most strange man, for during the short period I was with him he amused himself by biting dogs' tails off, and pulling flowers from other people's grounds.

The Captain.—Now, about our first acquaintance. Didn't I meet you one day in the street and ask you to take a ride in my vehicle?

Mrs. Hartley.—Yes.

The Captain.—And have I not visited you at Hart's house frequently?

Mrs. Hartley.—Certainly.

The Captain.—I believe you once went to a masked ball with me; did you not?

Mrs. Hartley.—I did.

The Captain.—Of course you enjoyed yourself there?

Mrs. Hartley.—Indeed I did not; I was never in my life in so much misery before; your behaviour was so extremely strange and annoying.

The Captain.—Hadn't you a pretty dress?

Mrs. Hartley.—A very pretty one indeed.

Mr. Broughton.—Is what character did you go?

Mrs. Hartley.—In that of a "Greek boy."

The Captain.—Didn't you and I in the course of the night change dresses?

Mrs. Hartley.—Oh! I don't recollect.

Mr. Broughton.—Who paid for the "Greek boy's" dress?

Mrs. Hartley.—It has not been paid for at all, sir.

The Captain.—Did I not at one time pay the defendant **Hart** 3*l.* on account of your rent?

Mrs. Hartley.—You paid him something, but what it was I cannot tell.

The Captain.—Did I not give you a pair of boots?

Mrs. Hartley.—You did—were they paid for?

The Captain (addressing the magistrate).—They are as good as paid for, for I have given my promise to Mr. Patterson who made them. The price of them is three guineas; they are small and of beautiful make, and were in the Great Exhibition, where they attracted considerable notice. They fit the lady exactly; and this I can say, that she has the smallest and most elegant foot of any woman in England—have you not, Mrs. Hartley?

The lady curtsied, and begged politely that she might be excused from giving a reply to any such questions.

Mr. Broughton.—You were not exhibited as well as the shoes, were you? (Laughter.)

Mrs. Hartley (smiling).—No, Sir, indeed I was not.

The Captain.—The model of her foot, your worship, is gone to China, to let them see there what we English can do without the aid of bandaging and cruelly strapping up from infancy. Her foot is the most lovely thing you ever saw in your life. (Renewed laughter.)

Mr. Broughton was requested by the gallant captain to satisfy himself thereof by ocular demonstration, but his worship had no inclination to do anything of the sort, inasmuch as the question at issue had nothing to do with the feet of which the lady was the proprietress.

The magistrate told the captain that according to his own witness's showing money had been lent to him by defendant, in whose hands the portmanteau now was, and the case was decided by the summons being dismissed.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

SOME person calling himself the Honourable Henry Cavendish, and pretending to be a relative of the Duke of Devonshire, wrote in February last to M. Cailliez, proprietor of the Hotel Meurice, to engage an apartment and to have a carriage sent for him to the railway station. He arrived on the day appointed, with a lady whom he represented as his wife. He had a respectable appearance, and seemed to be about forty-five years of age. He lived

there in great style for above a month, and having promised M. Cailliez a cheque for the amount of his bill, which then came to 1,200*fr.*, he went out and never returned. He left behind some articles of small value. A complaint being made to the police, it was ascertained that the pretended Mr. Cavendish had obtained shirts and gloves to the value of 47*fr.* from one tradeswoman, and goods to the amount of 178*fr.* and 67*fr.* from two dressmakers, for none of which he had paid. It was afterwards found that he had been living at the Royal Hotel at Dover, kept by Mr. Hughes, out of money obtained by a forged cheque on MM. Ferrére and Lafitte. He next appeared at Dunkirk, under the name of William Bentinck, where he obtained goods on cheque which were afterwards dishonoured. Here the police took him in charge, just as he was about to make another migration. The Tribunal of Correctional Police at Paris have condemned him to a year's imprisonment and a fine of 50*fr.*

CAPTAIN ATCHERLEY AGAIN.

CAPTAIN ATCHERLEY was summoned before Mr. Bingham on Wednesday to show cause why he detained certain papers belonging to Pierre Basquet, an Indian chief.

The chief had explained to the magistrate, on previous applications at this court, that he had certain claims upon, or representations to make to the Colonial-office on behalf of himself and tribe relative to certain lands of which they had been dispossessed; that he had come to England about thirteen months ago to prosecute those claims; that unluckily he was seen in the street on his way to the Colonial-office by Captain Atcherley; that he was induced to place himself and papers in the hands of Captain Atcherley, who undertook to use his influence with Government to get justice done to himself and people; that he had discovered, after some months' delay, he had made a mistake in allowing Captain Atcherley to have anything to do with his business; and that being now desirous of returning home, he had applied, but in vain, for the restoration of his papers, some of which were official.

Captain Atcherley came to the court at an early hour, and obtained summonses against several gentlemen connected with the Colonial and Government offices. The only summons which police-constable Roberts could serve was a summons addressed to a gentleman named Elliott.

At three o'clock, Captain Atcherley having made his appearance with a considerable bundle of papers,

Mr. Bingham requested he would tell him shortly why he detained the papers?

Captain Atcherley proceeded to say, that in 1851 he met the man Pierre Basquet in the street, and bearing in mind that in 1820 he had been sworn in sponsor for the Indians, that on the occasion of taking an Indian to the Bay of Exploits he had been told to pull off his uniform, and to perform service as a clergyman, that he had so performed service for some time, but in consequence of the Indian being turned out into the open air, death ensued; and having sent a report to Lord Dalhousie, and afterwards received his commission as lieutenant, he came to England, and was put into the rules of the peace for Middlesex and Worcester.

At this point of the story Mr. Vaughan interposed, and reminded the captain it would be advisable to come to the case of Pierre Basquet without further delay.

Captain Atcherley said, he saw Pierre Basquet in the street, and being of opinion his duties as Indian sponsor came into requisition, he took charge of the applicant's business. He corresponded with the Colonial-office, and ascertained that Earl Grey had recognised the position of the applicant, giving him the medal he then wore, and a union-jack to hold as his emblem of authority connected with the fisheries. Being desirous that the correspondence should be conducted in a regular way, he had taken charge of it. Some of the correspondence was regular and some irregular. In some of the letters the applicant was described as "Basquet," and in others as "Basquet." The consequence of this was, that the American Government would not recognise him at all, and refused to defray about 200*fr.* expenses, to which he (Captain Atcherley) had been put for the maintenance of the applicant, and for the proper prosecution of his claims. He was, however, desirous of carrying out conscientiously the trust confided to him, and only waited for the magistrate's orders to give up the papers, as he was anxious to prevent an impression from going abroad, that he had thrown the man off, and had acted unfairly towards him.

Mr. Bingham.—You do not approach the point I have to decide. You detain the papers of Pierre Basquet, and you must show me some reason why you do so. I presumed the reason you would offer would be that you had done some meritorious services, and that you retained the papers until you were paid.

Captain Atcherley.—That is the real meaning of the thing.

Mr. Bingham.—Well, then, as I have correctly sur-

mised the truth, there is an end of the matter. No person has a right to detain papers for expenses incurred except an attorney for expenses in a suit of law, and you are not an attorney.

Captain Atcherley.—Oh, but I am an attorney.

Mr. Bingham.—Not an attorney such as the law contemplates. If you have any claim for expenses you must proceed in a civil court. You cannot detain the papers on that ground.

Captain Atcherley.—I have no claim against this man. My claim is against Government for mileage.

Mr. Bingham.—Then my decision is, that you give up the papers. You have shown no right to them, and it is not disputed they belong to the applicant.

Captain Atcherley immediately restored the papers, and then asked if he was still bound to maintain the applicant?

Mr. Bingham said the applicant had no claim upon Captain Atcherley for maintenance. The course for Captain Atcherley to take was to deliver the applicant to the relieving officer, who would no doubt do his duty.

The chief having expressed no reluctance to accede to this proposition, Captain Atcherley left the court with him.

CHEAP FUNERALS!

AN undertaker, named Avis, of High-street, St. Giles, was charged before Mr. Henry, on Tuesday, with having buried an infant without the Registrar's certificate. The grandmother of the child had engaged Avis to provide a coffin and bury the child for the sum of three shillings. The child was accordingly placed in a coffin and carried to Avis's house, where a certificate of the death was according to the grandmother's statement, left with the body. Two months after the deputy registrar, Mr. Faulkner, suspecting that all was not right, made some inquiries but could obtain no satisfactory information. The infant's mother had also been to the undertaker since the summons was issued, but could ascertain nothing. It now came out, by the evidence of a man employed by Avis, that the child had not been buried at all, but had been kept for the whole two months in a sort of vault or coal-cell, under the undertaker's house. According to the undertaker's version of the story, the body was kept there because there was no certificate with it. Mr. Henry considered this a case of great importance. If the undertaker could clear himself of this charge, he might probably be indicted for improperly detaining the body. The case was adjourned to obtain further evidence, and to secure the attendance of the surgeon who gave the certificate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Queen and the Royal Family, accompanied by the armed escort of war-steamer, set out early on Tuesday morning in the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, from Osborne, and steamed eastward, her destination being Antwerp, and her object a friendly visit to King Leopold. After a fair passage, she put into the Downs, and remained all night, steaming away early in the morning across the Channel. She reached Antwerp in the evening, about half an hour before the arrival of the King. When he came, he went on board the yacht, and dined with the Royal voyagers. The next morning the Queen landed, and set out for Brussels, reaching the palace of Laeken about eleven o'clock.

The Irish prisoners were found guilty of the various charges brought against them for their share in the Stockport riots, on Thursday. There was nothing new in the evidence adduced before the Judge of Assize, Mr. Justice Crompton.

News from the River Plate has reached us by the *Severn*, which brings papers to July 2. Buenos Ayres was again placed under a dictatorial government, the duration of which it was impossible to foretell. General Urquiza had effected a *coup-d'état*, à la Louis Napoleon, and the community of Buenos Ayres was much alarmed and exasperated. The public press was effectively gagged, the Chamber of Representatives dissolved, and four of the most popular and influential members ordered to quit the country as demagogues. Such was the sorry prelude to the anticipated national organization.

Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Downman, commander of the garrison at Woolwich, died suddenly on Tuesday.

The offices of the Masters in Chancery closed on Tuesday, for the long vacation. Sir William Horne will sit as Vacation Master.

John Doe and Richard Roe made their final appearance, as it is supposed, on the Oxford Circuit, at Gloucester, on Wednesday.

The statement made a few days ago, that a leading Tractarian divine in London had made an improper use of the confession in regard to a young lady, had been contradicted by the relative of the lady in a letter to the *Daily News* of Thursday.

Mr. J. R. Hind states that the new planet which he discovered on the 24th of June, has been named "Melpomene" by the Astronomer Royal. He states that it is the nearest to us of the group between Mars and Jupiter, its period of revolution being 1,269 days, which places it between Flora and Victoria.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* says, that a circular letter from Cardinal Wiseman was read on Sunday at all the Roman-catholic chapels in London, requesting the congregations to contribute towards the expences of the late trial. The means to be used for carrying out this object are left to the discretion of the priests, and in most places a collection will be made after each of the services of next Sunday. The letter states that Dr. Newman's expenses amount to 7500*l.*, and that of this 2500*l.* has been already collected.

The cholera is said to be making great ravages at *Dantzig*.

The drainage of the Lake of Haarlem is now completed, with the exception of a little running water.

The *Courrier du Bas-Rhin* announces that the German Governments have ratified the convention with France for the junction of the French and German railways.

The King of Naples has appointed the Marquis de *Bastino* to the post of Neapolitan Ambassador to the Court of Turin.

The Duke and Duchess de Montpensier had arrived at Lisbon on the 30th ult., in the *Isabella II.* steamer, and were received by the Queen of Portugal in the Palace of *Las Necessidades*.

A vestry meeting of the parish of St. Pancras was held on Wednesday, at which it was determined that a new burial ground should be provided for the parish under the new Act.

The Islington Cattle Market was offered for sale at Garraway's on Monday, by direction of the mortgagees. It was bought in at 52,000*l.*, a sufficient sum to discharge the claims not being offered.

A communication has been received from the American Government in reply to an application from the British minister at Washington, in regard to Mr. Boyd, who is supposed either to have been murdered, or still to be held in captivity by the natives of Guadalupe, an island in the Southern Pacific Ocean. A notice has been issued by the American Government requesting the attention and co-operation of all masters of vessels of the United States, engaged in the neighbourhood of that island, to ascertain the fate of Mr. Boyd, and, if a prisoner, to use peaceful and lawful means to obtain his release. It has been stated by Captain *Lort Stokes*, R.N., well known as a surveyor in the South Seas, that the natives of those islands are fond of having a white man amongst them, and will not easily part with him; but that no instance has ever been known of their hurting a white man when once they had got him on shore.

The following announcement has been issued from the General Post-Office:—1. On and after the 1st of September, 1852, an additional commission will be charged in every case of transfer or repayment of a money order. 2. The payment of the additional commission, viz., 3*d.* on all sums not exceeding 2*l.*, and 6*d.* on all sums between 2*l.* and 5*l.* must be invariably made by postage stamps transmitted with the application for transfer or repayment, and unless the amount be so transmitted, the application will not be complied with. 3. All applications for transfer or repayment must be addressed to the President of the London, Dublin, or Edinburgh Money Order-office, according as the order was issued in England (or Wales), Ireland, or Scotland. 4. To prevent the necessity of a transfer, in consequence of an order being erroneously drawn on a different office from the one at which payment is desired, the public are advised to furnish in writing to the issuing Postmaster, at the time of application, the full particulars of the money order required, and also to ascertain, before quitting the issuing office, that the order corresponds with those particulars.

An association having for its object the promotion of a cheap and uniform system of colonial and international postage, was formed during the Exhibition of the Works of Industry of all Nations, including among its members many of the foreign commissioners. A meeting of the association was held at the house of the Society of Arts, on Tuesday, August the 10th, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—That it appears to this association that all the arguments used by Mr. Rowland Hill in favour of the justice of an uniform rate of postage apply certainly to colonial, and probably to foreign correspondence.—That the cost of conveyance, as was proved by Mr. Rowland Hill, depends upon the number of letters, and not upon the distance, and that therefore the justice of an uniform rate is evident.—That the association welcomes the recognition of this principle in the recent adoption of uniform rates for printed papers to some of our colonies.—That the simplicity and convenience of payment also appear to apply to colonial and foreign correspondence.—The Right Hon. the Earl Granville has consented to become president of the association.

The electric telegraph is now complete to Plymouth. An opportunity is thus afforded for the uniform adoption of Greenwich time throughout the west of England, by which railway travellers would escape much inconvenience.

Orders were issued on Saturday, by the Lords Lieutenant of Middlesex, and other counties, to their deputies, to take immediate steps for raising the required number of men for the militia; during the next week general courts of lieutenancy will be held in most of the counties throughout the kingdom to settle the preliminary matters.

It is intended to select a number of men from the enrolled Chelsea pensioners to form the staff of the militia. An inspection of some who had been selected by Colonel *Talbot* took place on Wednesday, at the officers' quarters, in *Banhill-row*. If an efficient staff cannot be found for the regiments of militia from the enrolled pensioners belonging to districts within the respective counties, appointments will be given to the most competent and the best conducted of the non-commissioned officers and privates of the guards and the line.

It is stated that much important evidence has turned up in reference to the Beresford bribery case, including

other letters from the Secretary-at-War, showing a close intimacy between him and *Frail*, of Shrewsbury. Detectives were brought from London by the Liberal party, and were kept, as commercial travellers, at the hotels occupied by the Tory party. As soon as *Sharrack* had given his evidence against the Tory agents, he was served with a notice signifying that he was to be visited with the fine imposed by the recent act, for receiving a bribe.

The Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland made a trial of reaping-machines at Perth, on Friday week. A competition took place between *Hussey's* American reaper and a new machine, invented by the Rev. Mr. Bell, of *Carriemillie*. *Bell's* machine is similar in principle to that exhibited by *McCormick* in the Great Exhibition. This machine is propelled by horses walking behind it, while the other requires a clear space on the right hand of the standing corn for the horses to draw it. The result of the trial was greatly in favour of *Bell's* machine, which cut the corn with the greatest regularity, even where the corn was laid, leaving an even stubble three inches in length. The other machine acted very imperfectly, failing altogether when the corn was down, and at one point coming to a dead stop.

There is said to be a great want of silver coinage in the Australian colonies. A number of speculators have been sending out large quantities of silver money, one party to the amount of 10,000*l.*

Mr. Thomas Sidney, in a letter published in the *Times* of Tuesday, describes the state of the "labour-market" as affected by the recent emigration. One lady in Cumberland is hopeless of obtaining a suitable cook; another finds that housemaids are at a great premium. Clerks and shopmen, and even men of business, are becoming scarce. Mr. Sidney goes on to say that the workhouses throughout the kingdom are becoming emptied, and that the gaols are so little frequented as to excite alarm among the officials of those hospital abodes.

An Australian merchant, in a letter to the *Times*, published on Thursday, says that he has received a communication from his correspondent at Hobart Town, dated the 31st of March, complaining of the injustice and inexpediency of transporting convicts to the Australian colonies. He says,—“The *Ahousie* brought about three hundred prisoners, the greater portion of them receiving a ticket-of-leave from the government on landing, and engagements at from 18*s.* to 20*s.* per week, from the advocates of transportation. When these men write to their friends in England, stating the bright prospects they have before them, we should think there will be plenty of applications at the Old Bailey for a passage, at her Majesty's expense, to Van Diemen's Land.”

A well-dressed man, accompanied by a woman, supposed to be his wife, applied on Sunday to Mr. *Ansell*, the proprietor of a coffee-shop in the Lower Marsh, Lambeth, for a lodgings. In the evening one of them was heard by some persons in an adjoining room saying, “why don't you come to bed? what are you doing there?” Some one going to the room found the man hanging by the neck to a hat-peg, and the woman lying on the bed insensible, apparently from the effects of drink or some narcotic. The man was quite dead, and the woman was unable to explain what had happened.

A ferocious beggar, named George Wood, who bears the title among his brotherhood of the “king of the western cadgers,” was brought before Mr. *Long* on Saturday, by two officers of the *Mendicity Society*. They stated that he had been convicted eighteen times of begging and brutally assaulting officers who had taken him into custody, and that on the whole he had served thirty months in the House of Correction. On one occasion he drew a large knife, and attempted to stab one of the officers.

Thomas Collins was finally brought before Mr. *Arnold* on Saturday, and the long series of charges against him was at length completed. He declined to say anything in his defence, and was fully committed for larceny. Among the portraits which he had pawned were those of Viscount Hardinge, Lord Manners, the Earl of Eglington, Sir E. Codrington, the Earl of Minto, Admiral Downman, Lord Craven, Don Miguel, Viscount Camden, Lord Cathcart, Lord Hay, Lord J. Manners, Lady Bessborough, the Countess Moreton, Mr. Justice Talfourd, W. James, Sir Henry James Ward, Messrs. Miles, Guinness, Wennett, Gladstone, Grensitch, Betre, Anderson, and Guin.

A number of Irishmen and women were brought before Mr. *Norton* on Monday, charged with making a disturbance in the Vauxhall-road. A policeman stated, that seeing two men fighting, he interfered, and almost immediately the street was filled with a mob of riotous Irish, who attacked him and some other constables who came to his assistance. Mr. *Norton* observed that lately there had been so many of these Irish fights, and he thought the police ought not to be quite so prompt in interfering. He would let them break each other's heads if they liked, but he did not see why the police should risk their lives among such a brutal set of fellows, in attempting to quell their riots.

Seven or eight men in black masks and armed with guns and pistols, about nine o'clock on Monday evening, entered the house of Mr. *Gerrard*, a farmer, near Didsbury, a few miles from Manchester. They locked up the whole of the family in a cellar, having cleverly entrapped a man-servant, who came home at the time. They then plundered the house of some clothes, a watch, and a gun, together with 10*l.* in money, and remained an hour afterwards to refresh themselves with roast beef, bread and cheese, and beer.

Johnny Broome has been at last captured at Brussels, by two officers from Tunbridge Wells, named *Morten* and *Dadson*. He had been recognised by the Belgian police, who had kept their eye upon him.

William Thomas was tried at Chester on Wednesday, for the murder of his mother, at *Prenton*, near *Birkenhead*. The facts narrated last week were again proved, and the jury, according to the direction of Mr. Justice *Crompton*, acquitted the prisoner on the ground of insanity.

The trial of Christopher Smith, who, some weeks back was arrested for the murder of George Bush, near Bath, and who made such a singular confession, took place at Wells on Friday. The prisoner pleaded ‘guilty’; Mr. Baron *Platt* called for Mr. *Walker*, the surgeon of the gaol, who said he had seen Smith nearly every day for three weeks, and he had continually talked of his having committed three murders, one having taken place seventeen years ago, when he could have been only thirteen years of age. He said he wished to be hung, and thought that if he confessed he should be hung. He stated that he had murdered his child: and it was the fact that this child had never been seen or heard of since. His conversation was perfectly rational on all other subjects, but Mr. *Walker* was clearly of opinion that he was insane. Mr. *Boyd*, a surgeon at the Somerset County Lunatic Asylum, coincided in this opinion; another surgeon pronounced him sane. The jury decided that Smith was insane, and he was sentenced to be detained during her Majesty's pleasure.

A man named *Frederick Somerville* was found dead in Hyde Park a few days ago. Oil of bitter almonds was found in his stomach.

Two or three men were at work in a limestone quarry near Llangattock, Monmouthshire, on Friday, when one side of the quarry slipped and fell with a frightful crash, burying the poor men beneath the mass. It is stated that 60,000 tons have fallen. A large body of men from the neighbouring quarries at once set to work to remove the fallen material, but it must be some time before they can uncover the bodies.

Three engineers entered the boiler of the *Widgeon* three, lying at Woolwich, on Tuesday, without having taken the necessary precautions. In a very short time, it was found that they had fallen, overcome by the foul air. A convict at work on board at the time, ventured into the boiler, and brought out each of them through the narrow man-hole, being obliged to come up himself several times to breathe the fresh air.

A horrible catastrophe has occurred on the Hudson river. The steamboat *Henry Clay*, after racing a considerable distance with another steamer (*the Armenia*) belonging to a rival line, caught fire amidships, and was run on shore; and there being 300 or 400 passengers on board, a frightful scene of terror ensued. From 50 to 60 persons were either drowned or burnt, and the remainder saved their lives with the greatest difficulty. This calamity has excited the greatest sensation in New York, and the details of the occurrence exhibit a fearful disregard of human life on the part of American steamboat proprietors. Some “indignation” meetings of the survivors and their friends have been held at New York.

A nursemaid at Hollingbourne went to sleep before the kitchen fire early on Saturday morning, having an infant in her lap. Her dress caught fire, and giving the infant to another woman, she ran out into the yard. Her master, Mr. *Marshall*, on hearing her screams, jumped out of bed, and without putting on any of his clothes ran out into the yard with a blanket. He threw the blanket over the girl and smothered the flames, which would otherwise soon have burnt her to death.

The *Cumberland Pacquet* states that a young girl, named *Hughes*, fell into a well 60 feet deep, at *Wetherall*, a few days ago. A man went down in a bucket for the purpose of bringing up her corpse, but was astonished to find her not only alive, but uninjured, except by a few trifling bruises. The narrowness of the shaft rendering it difficult to raise the bucket, she again fell to the bottom, after having been lifted 12 or 15 feet. She was ultimately extricated in a state very little the worse for her falls.

A fearful thunder-storm took place in the neighbourhood of Manchester, between ten and eleven o'clock on Tuesday morning. The lightning struck a chimney at the end of a row of eight unfinished houses. The electricity seems to have run along a leaden gutter at the front of the roof, sending off branches through almost every one of the houses. These streams seem to have taken nearly a similar course in each case, passing down through the houses. Seven persons, chiefly workmen, who were in the houses, were struck, four of whom were killed instantly.

A barn in a large farm-yard, belonging to Mr. *Thomas Collier* of Parrock Hall, on the east side of Windmill Hill, Gravesend, took fire on Sunday night, about half-past nine o'clock. The yard is very close to the hall, and contains an extensive range of buildings. The fire rapidly caught two or three stacks of hay and straw, and extended from them to the great range of barns. An abundant supply of water was at hand, and enabled the firemen, who were assisted by a body of soldiers from the fort, to keep the fire from the mansion and its out-offices. The whole of the farm-yard, however, was swept by the flames, and all the barns and farm-buildings destroyed.

A large oil and flour-mill, belonging to Mr. *Edward Bell*, called *Tottenham Mills*, caught fire on Sunday morning, about four o'clock. The building occupied an island in the river *Lea*, and is nearly one hundred and fifty feet long. The fire was first noticed by a watchman, who soon brought the parish engine to the spot, and a message was immediately afterwards telegraphed to London for further assistance. Three engines, with strong bodies of firemen, started at once from town, and arrived at *Tottenham* in little more than half an hour. The oil mill was soon on fire throughout; the flour mill, which contained three hundred quarters of corn, and a large quantity of flour, and which is only separated from the other by an interval of eighteen feet, was not long spared. All that the firemen could effect was the preservation of the engine house and some outbuildings, and to restrain the fire from extending beyond the premises of the mills. At one time seventy tons of oil, and subsequently several other large quantities took fire, and bursting the vessel in which they were contained, ran upon the river in a burning state. Workmen have since been employed in skimming the oil from the surface of the river.

HEALTH OF LONDON DURING THE WEEK.

LONDON is suffering from the same diseases as were noticed last week, and 1124 deaths have been registered in the first seven days of August. The mortality is near the average of the first week of the month, on which 801 persons died in 1843, and 1909 in 1849, when the epidemic of Asiatic cholera was so fatal. *Six hundred and fifty-six children* under 15 years of age, 299 men and women, and 165 persons of the age of 60 and upwards, died in the week ; 597 were males, and 527 females. It thus appears that though the bad sewers and water and air and impurity in London are most fatal at a high temperature in early life, persons of the middle age do not escape.

Diarrhoea was the cause of 213, cholera of 21 deaths ; 18 children and 5 persons above the age of 15 died of cholera ; 192 children and 21 adults of diarrhoea ; 16 of the cases of cholera occurred on the north, 5 on the south side of the Thames.

In its leading symptoms the cholera which prevails at present differs little from Asiatic cholera, but it is in London less rapid in its course than Asiatic cholera ; it is less influenced by elevation of soil, it always prevails more or less in summer, and comparatively few persons are attacked, hence it is a variety, which for the sake of distinction may be called summer cholera.

Dr. MacLoughlin, an inspector during the epidemic of 1849, requests the Registrar-General to call the attention of medical informants to the importance of stating in all cases how long premonitory symptoms of the approach of cholera preceded the attack in its fatal form. No cases of cholera should be neglected in the present season. They should be immediately treated.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

On the 30th of June last, at Barbadoes, the wife of Captain Deshon, A.D.C. : a daughter.

On the 30th ult., at Hampton Court Palace, Mrs. Catesby Page : a daughter.

On the 1st inst., at Brockley Court, the wife of Henry Smyth Pigott, Esq. : a son.

On the 2nd inst., at Thurloe-square, Brompton, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel George Warren : a daughter.

On the 2nd inst., in Prince's-terrace, Hyde Park, the wife of Arthur Otway, Esq., M.P. : a son.

On the 3rd inst., at Wymondham Rectory, Leicestershire, the Hon. Mrs. John Beresford : a daughter.

On the 4th inst., at Chatham, the wife of Captain Murchison, 29th Regiment : a son, still-born.

On the 9th inst., Mrs. C. Wentworth Dilke : a daughter.

On the 9th inst., at North Villa, Regent's Park, the wife of Colonel Miles : a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 3rd inst., at St. James's, Westbourne-terrace, G. G. Phillips, Esq., Lieutenant in her Majesty's Navy, to Georgiana, daughter of the late Jonas Wilkinson, Esq., of the Island of Barbadoes.

On the 4th inst., at Eastwell, Kent, William Robert, second son of the Hon. and Rev. Daniel Finch Hatton, to Agnes Graham, second daughter of the Rev. Montague Oxenden.

On the 5th inst., at St. Peter's Church, Charlton next Dover, Charles Henry S. Pickwick, Esq., late of the 91st Regiment, and only son of the late Rev. C. Pickwick, of Beckington, Somerset, to Eliza Frances, eldest daughter of Robert Sillery, Esq., M.D., of Charlton Lodge, Dover, late of the Army Medical Staff.

On the 5th inst., at Cockayne Hatley, Bedfordshire, Captain Henry Francis Cust, of the 8th Hussars, to Sara Jane, widow of Major Sidney Streartfield, and daughter of J. Cookson, Esq., of Melton Park, Northumberland.

On the 5th inst., at All Soul's Church, Langham-place, John Henry Murchison, Esq., eldest son of the late Hon. Alexander Murchison, of Springfield, Jamaica, and Elgin, N.B., and grandson of the late Patrick Copland, LL.D., to Louise, only daughter of the late Henry Hussey, Esq., of Brighton.

On the 7th inst., at Clifton Church, Thomas de Winton, Esq., of Wallsworth Hall, to Barbara, only daughter of William Henry Peel, Esq., of Aylesmore House, Gloucestershire, and 4, West-mall, Clifton.

On the 7th inst., at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Frederick A. H. Chichester, third son of the late Lord Templemore, to Frances Marianne, eldest daughter of Daniel Tighe, Esq., of Rossana, in the county of Wicklow.

On the 11th inst., at Thames Ditton, Surrey, John Turner, Esq., Captain Royal Horse Artillery, son of Lieut.-General Charles Turner, Colonel 19th Regiment, to the Hon. Caroline Sugden, daughter of the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor.

DEATHS.

On the 26th ult., at Homburg, the Hon. Richard Watson, of Rockingham Castle, M.P. for Peterborough, formerly major in the army, and High Sheriff of Northamptonshire, son of the second Lord Sondes.

On the 28th ult., at Clifton, aged 31, Annabella, wife of Henry Austin Bruce, Esq., of Duffryn, Aberdare, Glamorganshire, deputy-lieutenant and J.P. for that county : granddaughter of the late Bishop Beadon, and niece of Lord Heytesbury.

On the 30th ult., at Wainfleet, St. Mary, Lincolnshire, aged 72, the Rev. Robert Cholmeley, B.D., rector of Wainfleet, All Saints, and perpetual curate of Wainfleet, St. Mary, the last surviving brother of the late Sir Montague Cholmeley, Bart.

On the 31st ult., at Maldon, aged 65, Joseph Pattison, Esq., Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Essex, and late of the 5th Dragoon Guards.

On the 1st inst., at Brighton, in the 74th year of his age, Alexander Bruce Demarest, Esq., late of Westthorn, Lanarkshire, and formerly of the 1st Royal Dragoons.

On the 1st inst., at Deal, in the 80th year of his age, Edward Igurden, Esq., one of the Deputy Registrars of the Ecclesiastical Court, on an appointment worth upwards of 15,000/- per annum, and held by deceased upwards of half a century.

On the 2nd inst., at Wensley House, Sarah, the wife of General Sir James Watson, K.C.B., aged 76.

On the 3rd inst., and 25, the Rev. Charles William Hough, third son of Henry F. Hough, English Physician-General to the Hon. East India Company's Forces, Calcutta.

On the 4th inst., at Davington Priory, near Faversham, Katharine, the wife of Thomas Willmett, Esq., F.S.A., aged 59.

On the 6th inst., at Boulogne-sur-Mer, Lady Chermisade, wife of Sir Robert A. Chermisade, M.D., K.C.H., late Surgeon of the 10th Royal Hussars.

On the 7th inst., in Dorset-square, James Atkinson, Esq., late Inspector-General of Hospitals, Bengal Medical Service.

On the 8th inst., at her residence, the Pavilions, Hampton Court Park, Cecilia, widow of the late Lieutenant-General James Moore.

On the 10th inst., at Kensington, the Right Hon. William Edwards, second Baron Kensington, in the 76th year of his age. He is succeeded by his eldest son, William, now Lord Kensington, a Captain in the Royal Navy.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is impossible to acknowledge the mass of letters we receive. Their insertion is often delayed, owing to a press of matter; and when omitted it is frequently from reasons quite independent of the merits of the communication.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Whatever is intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All letters for the Editor should be addressed to 10, Wellington-street, Strand, London.

Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them.

Postscript.

SATURDAY, August 14.

THE QUEEN IN BELGIUM.

SOME particulars of the arrival of the Queen at Antwerp, on Wednesday, are given by the correspondent of the *Times*. There was a great crowd on the quays, who waited about patiently for many hours. The Queen arrived half an hour before King Leopold.

The *Victoria and Albert* steamed steadily on about midway in the river, till she came opposite the Porte de l'Eau, when her anchor plashed down and took hold of ground. The Queen could be distinguished on the deck, but she soon retired when it was evident the King had not arrived. The young Princes seemed in high spirits, and were running about the deck in their tiny sailor's hats and frocks and jackets as lightly as the merriest middies in the fleet, but the closing shades of evening prevented the features of the officers and gentlemen on deck being distinctly visible from the shore. As soon as the first gun was heard at the station, Count Moerkerke drove off rapidly to the river-side, and at once proceeded on board the yacht, and, after a stay of a few minutes, returned to shore, and went back to the station. Two of the Royal equipages were drawn up near the landing-place, opposite to which was stationed two squadrons of the 1st Lancers (a fine well-mounted regiment), flanked by 200 of the 2nd Chasseurs à Pied, the whole forming a very imposing body guard. The landing place, which is a sloping causeway by the quay wall, now rendered of considerable length by the falling of the tide, which was nearly at low water, was covered with a carpeting in the centre, and in the open space cleared before it to the ground were the Count Gurowsky, the husband of the Infanta Isabella of Bourbon, and a circle of officers, gentlemen, and a few ladies. When Count Moerkerke returned to the station, King Leopold had not arrived, and it was half-past seven o'clock when the pilot engine before the Royal train came whistling fiercely to the terminus. The King, who left Læcken at a quarter to seven, followed in about ten minutes, and was well received by the people. His Majesty, who wore a tight well-fitting blue uniform, with large gold epaulettes, cocked hat and feathers, orders of Leopold, &c., blue trousers with broad gold stripes, and large gilt spurs, seemed in very good health. He was attended by two general officers and Lieutenant-Colonel Van Der Burgh, and having hastily but courteously acknowledged the reception of the Burgoomster and of Messrs. Masin, Director-General of Railways, and Strens, Chief Engineer of Railways, and the cheers of the people, proceeded towards his carriage. Count Moerkerke, stepping forward, told him "The Queen has arrived." Whereupon his majesty said, "Ah, vite done, vite!" and was driven off rapidly to the port. Shortly before eight o'clock King Leopold embarked on board the state barge—a very handsome boat, white with gold mouldings—and went on board the yacht, where he was received by Her Majesty.

The king, greatly to the disappointment of his subjects, stayed on board the yacht to dinner, and did not return until ten o'clock.

The next morning broke in the most unpromising way—murky clouds flying clinging over the earth, and the violent gusts of the gale lashing the Scheldt into foam, with frequent heavy drifts of rain whenever the wind abated; and the day by no means belied the character of its dawn, for a wetter, windier, nastier sort of noon tide never visited us in England, even in the full height of our summer. As the morning gun fired, the three steam gondolas dressed with flags, and towards eight o'clock a crowd of the poorer sort of persons gathered on the quay in front of the squadron. About the same time a troop of Lancers and four or five companies of the Foot Artillery, of the 1st Light Infantry, and of the 2nd Chasseurs à Pied, preceded by a brass band, marched down and disposed themselves in front of the landing-place. The water was low, as the tide was just on the turn, consequently a great deal of the sloping path from the boats to the quay was left uncovered, which men were busily engaged in rendering fit for walking upon by the aid of a carpet. The wind, however, took a great animosity to the carpet, and shook, and tossed, and beat it about violently, so that at last the workmen were obliged to wheel barrows of stones, which they disposed as a border along the edges of the tapestry, in order to enable it to resist such assaults. It was curious to see amid such an assemblage of bright uniforms of general and inferior officers, of burgomasters and *chefs* of all sorts of departments, these rough-looking fellows in blouses, hobbling about in their *sabots* in the most unconcerned manner, while they indulged in conversation with each other in a dialogue of Flemish, that sounded like a continuous stream of profane swearing. Then they were industrious in laying down barrels of sand along the causeway, which the wind would not suffer for any consideration; and as even the ingenuous Belgians could not cover each particle of sand with a big stone, the result was, that the wind whisked it away, and

sent the sand like snipe dust into the ears, eyes, mouth, and nose of the incorporated people and army. The river sloops and droggers went skimming over the river in all directions, heeling over in spite of their great weather boards, till one could get a peep into the penetralia of the cabins and cabooses; and a few men-of-war boats tugged slowly about from ship to ship of the squadron, squashing through the swell, which, at times, was decidedly unpleasant. As the men-of-war lay meekly in line, at nearly equal distances from each other, with yards pointed to the wind's eye, and all flags flying, the river, in spite of the rain and storm, looked extremely picturesque. Sailors were busily engaged aloft in laying out the ropes for manning the yards, to the wonder of the Belgians, who did not seem to have a large view of the general utility or beauty of such a proceeding. Nor could they understand many manœuvres on ship-board, which resulted after the performance by the boatswain and his mates of very small pieces on the whistle; but on the whole they agreed the sight was "*joli et fort beau*," and only wanted more cannon in view and in fire to be well contented for their pains. The yacht presented little appearance of life, except among the men engaged in the ship's duty, nor could any of the illustrious party on board be distinguished on deck.

About half-past 8 o'clock the roll of the drums at the end of the line of infantry, followed by a flourish of trumpets, announced the arrival of the King, whose carriage, preceded by one outrider, and followed by two equipages, drove rapidly up to the end of the space cleared in front of the landing-place. The King, who was attended by a general officer, on alighting was received by the governor of the province, M. Jeichmann, the commandant of the district, the officer commanding the troops, the burgomaster, Count de Moerkerke, &c. Although it was raining at the time, he proceeded to inspect the troops drawn up before the river, walking slowly along the line, and at times touching his hat in acknowledgment of the cries of "*Vive le Roi*," the soldiers presenting arms as he passed, and the bands at each flank performing the "*Brabantais*" in turn. The King then took shelter, such as it was, under the poplar trees which line the quay, and remained for some moments in conversation with the staff of officers around him. His barge, pulled by fourteen stout oars, lay off the landing, but it was not used by His Majesty or by the Queen. Shortly before nine o'clock, the barge of the *Victoria and Albert* pulled round, and hooked on to the ladder which was lowered from the starboard quarter, and several other men-of-war boats hovered close to her stern. A little stir was visible on board, and signals were exchanged with the men-of-war. Then through the misty rain one could just make out the figure of a lady stepping down the ladder into the boat, followed by four children, by a gentleman, and by an officer in full uniform.

"All at once the shrouds of the great steamers swarmed with men, and in an instant they were lying out on the yards, holding on for bare life in the face of the fierce wind, in all their holiday attire of white frocks and trousers; a puff of smoke was whiffed out of one of the ports, and the Royal standard disappeared from the main of the yacht, and took its place in the stern of the boat, which in an instant came dancing towards the land at a tremendous rate, preceded by a man-of-war's gig, to point out the way to the landing. The King walked hastily down the landing, and received Her Majesty as she arrived with great warmth, and immediately turned back with her on his arm, and entered the Royal carriage. The Queen looked extremely well, and seemed in excellent good humour, for she never ceased laughing as she walked up the awkward incline. Her Majesty's reception by the crowd was respectful, but not enthusiastic. Immediately after her came the Prince and Princesses, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and the Duke of Northumberland. Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence steered the boat and landed, but did not join the party, which at once proceeded to the railway station. A special engine was in readiness, and the Royal party went off at once to Læcken, where they arrived at ten minutes past ten o'clock."

A telegraphic despatch from Trieste, which reached town this morning, gives the following Indian intelligence :—

BOMBAY, July 5.

The Burmese made a second attempt to retake Martaban on the 26th of May, but were driven back. On the 3rd of June, Pegu was taken, and its fortifications destroyed by a detachment of the force under General Godwin. Our loss was very insignificant.

CALCUTTA, July 2.

By the steamer which arrived from Rangoon on the 21st of June, with dates of the 20th, all was quiet, and the troops enjoying good health.

ALEXANDRIA, Aug. 7.

No news whatever of the Bombay missing steamer.

Madame Dudevant, who is more generally known by the name of George Sand, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Presse*, in reply to one from him announcing the death of Count d'Orsay. She says in it—

"My acquaintance with Count d'Orsay was of recent date. His sphere was the world, mine was retirement. It was necessary for exceptional circumstances to occur for us to become acquainted—and they did occur. He was kind and devoted like a father, like a brother, to those who interested me deeply. Hence arose our friendship, which, having commenced late, seemed to be desirous of making up for lost time. I was attached to him by gratitude, which is the most serious and the sweetest of all ties. He pitied the victims of political tempests, and even on his

death-bed thought of and endeavoured to serve them. He was the friend of the unfortunate."

Police annals record some of the strangest events of social life, and reveal a great deal more than is pleasant of the hidden doings of society. One of these singular events came to light yesterday at Bow-street:—

Lord Viscount Frankfort, De Montmorency, commonly called Lord Frankfort, of 14, Buckingham-street, Strand, appeared before Mr. Henry upon a summons, charging him with having "unlawfully composed, printed, and published a foul, malicious, and defamatory libel of and concerning Lord Henry Lennox." The offence consisted in addressing indecent letters to Lord Henry Lennox, of which a specimen was read in court. They purported to be written by Mr. Macbeth, a solicitor in Vigo-street, whose name Lord Frankfort had used.

"Mr. Macbeth presents his duty to the peeresses and the daughters of the nobility and gentry, and informs them that he continues to arrange assignations with the most perfect impunity and safety. Having been trained by Mr. Harris, he now acts directly under President and Director-General of assignations, Phipps."

"Mr. J. I. began to call the attention of the ladies to his long-established mode of transacting business. He himself wait upon them at dusk, sending up his card in a sumptuous envelope; always seeing the parties himself, and arranging personally with them for the reception of the *Lothair* of the evening, at one o'clock at night; when he is called by his peculiar system to keep the husband innocently asleep, while the parties are amorously engaged in the drawing room."

"*Esq.*—He guarantees to married women half their husband's fortune, or more, if they are found out; and will put them in the Ecclesiastical Courts, which are an appendage of his establishment. To spinsters he promises husbands, whom he puts in mad-houses, and gets all the fortune for the wives. His predecessor broke one baronet's neck, for his wife's sake; and having got rid of another, is now endeavouring to destroy his will. Those ladies who will turn up with the parties sent may be satisfied that they will be 'looked at'; but those who refuse to do so will not be looked at at all."

To the foregoing the following names were annexed:—

"Lord Henry Lennox, Portland place."

"Mr. W. Harris, Sutton-lodge, Hackney, and 12, Moor-gate-street, city."

"Mr. Macbeth, 3, Vigo-street, Regent-street."

"Mr. Barnard Macdonough."

"Mr. John Foster, 20, Park-road, Stockwell."

"Mr. James Hunter, 14, Buckingham-street, and Lime-street, city."

"Mr. Jackson, John-street, Adelphi, and 37, Jermyn-street."

Documents similar to this had been sent to the Reverend Mr. Mackenzie, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and Lord Henry Gordon, who both appeared in court to testify to the fact.

Lord Henry Lennox.—I know nothing of any of the publications, or of the parties named in them. I have been goaded on to appear in a court by the nuisance inflicted on others, and for the protection of the public; otherwise I should have taken no notice of so contemptible a production.

The letters were traced to Lord Frankfort by Inspector Field and Sergeant Thornton, who seized them and arrested the servant in whose custody they were, as she was about to deposit them in the post-office at Charing-cross. The letters had been systematically sent to a number of gentlemen and ladies, and it was felt that the nuisance ought to be put down.

John Gray, formerly a policeman, deposed that at interview he had had with Lord Frankfort, conversations had arisen about the arrest of the servant and the detention of the letters, of which the following is a specimen:—

"On the 27th of July I saw Lord Frankfort again, at ten o'clock in the morning. He said, 'Do you know Sergeant Harrington?' I said, 'No—there is Sergeant Thornton.' He said, 'Ah, that's the name. I wish you to see them, and request them to come here and make an offer of compromise, for they have done wrong. They are not to offer too large a sum, for if I think it too much I shall take half of it. If they get into the hands of a low lawyer they will have to pay a good deal, for supposing the letters contained treason, there was nothing in the publication that could hurt me, as I have had advice upon the subject. What sort of a tempered man is Field?' I said, 'He was mild in the execution of his duty. He said, 'I should not like to hurt them.' That ended the conversation on the 27th. I saw him again on the 28th at his own house. I told his Lordship that I could not see Field, as he had gone to Goodwood races, and Thornton was also out of town. He said, 'They are in a mess, send some one to them. Don't make it appear as if you came from me. They have committed a highway robbery on my personal property, as well as a trespass. If they have acted on a warrant issued by the Secretary of State, or Sir R. Mayne, they are both hasty. I shall bring it before Parliament, and the Derby Government will be thrown out, and Sir Richard Mayne will lose his place, for they both deny them, and the men will be left to their own resources, for I can get a verdict against them.'

Lord Frankfort.—There is not a word of truth in this man's statement. I have nothing to hide. I simply told him that the poor woman was going to put it into the hands of a lawyer.

Mr. Macbeth was examined at his own request, and he denied that he had ever given authority for the use of his name. As the letters were printed circulars, evidence of the handwriting on the envelopes was taken, Mr. Macbeth believing that it was that of his lordship. The case was adjourned for further evidence. Lord Frankfort was ordered to enter into his own recognisances in 500*l.* to appear on Tuesday next.

The Leader

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1852.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—*Dr. ARNOLD.*

THE IMPOSSIBLE WAR WITH AMERICA.

A WAR with the United States, or a craven retraction—such appear to be the alternative courses before the Ministers of this Imperial state.

If the aspect of affairs, and the public documents, are to be trusted, that position, at once rash and humiliating, has been deliberately assumed by Lord Malmesbury; whether at the instigation of Sir John Pakington we know not; but of course with the sanction of Lord Derby. It is desirable that the position should be well understood.

Last week we showed how impossible it would be for the Government of the United States to make the concession demanded by Downing-street. Recently we saw a pressure on our own Government to maintain the British right of encroachment on the Lobos Islands, for the sake of a few vessels bringing away manure; a claim not instantly scouted, but gravely discussed in Downing-street, in Parliament, and in the City. Whole communities have not grown up during a thirty-four years' freedom, to ransack the Lobos Islands; the value of the property is not estimated—obviously and ludicrously below the real value—at 3,000,000*l.*; bringing home guano is not one of the staple trades of Lancashire and Cheshire; there are not thirty thousand seamen employed in the trade, nor are great Liverpool and City capitalists involved with their property: such are not the circumstances of the encroachment on the Lobos Islands, but they are the circumstances of the American encroachment on the British fishing grounds. The Government at Washington cannot recall that creation of thirty years, and tell it to withdraw from the field of its operations at the bidding of a particular gentleman in Downing-street, whose incompetency to meddle with public affairs has been distinctly confessed.

Under what circumstances does "England," as Downing-street is pleased to call itself, approach this war?

Will Downing-street go to war with America, when we are struggling, not very satisfactorily, against a deadly climate, and a treacherous people at Rangoon; the people of India looking on, and awaiting a stumble on our part to keep us down?—Will Downing-street undertake this war, for the sake of the British American colonies, when the first thing those colonies will reap from it will be some concessions humiliating to England, including, very likely, the concession of the colonies themselves?

When Australia, already offended in her sorest interests, has threatened independence, has talked of Republican federation, has shown her own "star-spangled banner," and has made advances towards an Australian-American alliance?

When Downing-street cannot master the Black savages at the Cape?

When the West Indies, in complete despair, are cold in their loyalty?

When Ireland only awaits a new Repeal agitation, perhaps under American patronage?—if we suffer Downing-street to drive America into being our enemy.

When France is waiting to avenge Waterloo, and greedily reading Lieutenant Maurice's account of our unprotected coasts?

Surely this is not the time for war with America, especially as we are not very well prepared at home. Our militia is not yet enrolled, much less "mobilized"; and if it were both, it could hardly contend with the Yankees in their own broad lands—so rich for its own wanderers, so baffling to the foreign invader, to say nothing of that strong army of militia, of which comparatively small contingents have already conquered

Mexico. Cornwallis would find his tour in Carolina far less easy than it was—but even then it ended in capitulation. Our navy too—that is still unconquered; but should we first try it, after a peace of nearly forty years' duration, against the *only* enemy that we can reasonably dread at sea. Not that we would dismisse from a war in dread of any foe whatsoever, if we could imagine that we had on our side God and the right; but what Downing-street is now doing is mischievous and unjust, and cannot be blessed even with the solaces of defeat.

The pretext is, that we are defending Imperial rights and British colonial interests. The imperial rights have been waived in practice; and the Foreign Secretary of England's best Minister offered to waive the right in form; so that Imperial dignity cannot be pledged to ruin the fishers of Massachusetts and Maine. And if New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are British colonies, so are the United States, *now*: to this day, more than to the British colonies, our own kin flock to the United States. Nay, in this very fishery—which we are to assail at the bidding of the feeblest party in the country—in this very fishery, English capital, English sailors, English ship-builders, English labourers, are embarked, and will be compelled to meet us in fratricidal contest. Is that having God and the right on our side?

But that is not all. A very large proportion of England's own capital is locked up in American bonds, stocks, Government and State securities; so that not only have our relatives in America their capital embarked in American enterprise, but the men of London, and "the public," amongst ourselves, who deal in investments, have an amount of property at stake which a war would jeopardize. The "aristocracy" of this country hardly feels the force of such considerations; since the family connexions with the Baltimores and Percys, and other old colonizers, are remote or extinct; but the middle and working classes are connected with the very heart of society in America, by many ties which are deep rooted in both countries; and there are few families that have not some immediate connexion with the republic by blood, or alliance, or property. Where such considerations fail, there is another that ought to be powerful: a war with America would be attended by all the evils of "protection," in cutting us off from the trade with the great consumer of the articles which we manufacture and carry. Manchester, Leeds, Glasgow, Paisley, Liverpool, would call to a strict account the Ministry that should plunge us into a war with the country which has created so large a part of their substance. Think of cutting off, by a notice in the *Gazette*, all the accounts kept in all those places with American houses!

Such a war, indeed, ought to be regarded as an impossibility, were it not for certain ugly considerations, partly matter of suspicion, partly matter of obvious fact. It is a fact, most notorious and melancholy, that the people of this country has, to use its own homely vulgarity, become so used, in public affairs, during the long peace, to be "taken in and done for," that it has contracted the habit of letting officials emulate the beggar on horseback. We can, therefore, imagine any amount of mischief committed by the sufferance of the English people, until some great calamity should have recalled us, by the sharp spur of suffering, to our duty. It is difficult to imagine that the present Cabinet in Downing-street should retract from its false position; since that would imply a levity, an alternation of bullying and flinching, of which even a Malmesbury or a Derby might be ashamed. The Government at Washington cannot retract.

It is, indeed, within the scope of imaginable possibility that our Government should not desire to avoid a rupture with America. It parades the good understanding with Austria; it is said to be sending Lord Westmoreland to Italy to undo Lord Minto's mission. It is reported to be engaged with other powers in supporting Spanish traditions in Mexico against the internal party, which may be called the federal allies of the United States. We have no means of testing the truth of these rumours; but they are of secondary importance in comparison with the notorious fact that the Tory Government of England, the ostentatiously professed enemy of Democracy, has the strongest sympathies with the despotic authorities of Europe. A war with

America would plunge us into a new Holy Alliance, would place the two natural champions of constitutional freedom and national independence on opposite sides; and would neutralize the sole remaining terror of the despots—the sole thing that can make them pause in their career—the sole antagonist of the Holy Alliance—the Anglo-American Alliance.

Are the English people, are the men of Manchester and Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, and London, content to be the tools in that gigantic and criminal "dodge"? We cannot believe it. Yet how are we to get out of the false position, from which neither party can retreat? In one way alone—by superseding the Ministry that dared to put us there, and by placing the conduct of public affairs in the hands of a statesman able to maintain our dignity with spirit, and at the same time, by hearty frankness and chivalrous courtesy, able to convince the Americans that we have their dignity also, their friendship, and their interests at heart.

BRITISH REACTION ON THE CONTINENT.

THE actual state of Europe imposes upon us the duty of regarding with the ugliest suspicion the conduct of Ministers towards the United States; for the reaction—which has made such decided progress since the year 1849—has assumed a new relation to this country. It is true, that the transition from the administration of Palmerston to that of Malmesbury was softened by the intervention of Earl Granville. It is true, indeed, that even before that time, Lord Palmerston's own method of conducting the foreign relations of this country had been cramped and warped by the active intervention of his colleagues; and the public has long since been informed how, in Vienna, at that time the most important capital of Europe, a special messenger and a tea service were waiting to supersede the diplomatic influence of the Foreign office.

The Whig Government, with its anti-democratic leanings, had already consented to employ the Earl of Westmoreland, and to dabble in lady-like presents of conciliation. The Granville capitulation was a step further. The attempt at the Mather surrender went too far for the moment, but a show of concession to public influence in this country has covered that mistake for the time. It would appear that Her Majesty's Ministers have succeeded in convincing Austria and Russia that St. James's has become an effective member of the Holy Alliance. This is the new term in the advance of reaction. The Emperor of Austria is making a royal progress in Hungary, marked by courts martial and gross severities to satisfy old grudges against individuals; by insulting ceremonies to the Hungarians, reminding them that their independence is destroyed; and by a more than Napoleonic abundance of lying official narratives, sent back to the West of Europe, for the purpose of making us believe that the Emperor parades through his faithful Hungarians, amidst fervent expressions of delight. At the same time, it is proclaimed that a note from the Cabinet of St. James's to the Austrian Government, gives assurance that measures of precaution will be taken to prevent the retirement of Kossuth, at Notting-hill, from troubling the good relation established between England and Austria.

The Earl of Westmoreland is announced to make a tour in Italy, as we have said, on an anti-Minto principle. Some person in the Whig Government sent Lord John Russell's father-in-law to represent English feeling in the Italian peninsula; and he did it fairly enough, by addressing the Italian people, and telling them that England desired their success in achieving national independence and personal liberty. Some person in the Whig Government encouraged the Sicilians to believe that England would support them in acquiring an independent sovereignty; but some other persons in that Cabinet withdrew that support, gave the lie to the assurance of Lord John Russell's father-in-law, and suffered Italy to fall again, unhelped, almost uncomfited, beneath the heel of Austria. After that good work of Whig transition, "back again," Lord Westmoreland is to make a tour in the South for the purpose of encouraging the Absolutist party with the assurance of official English sympathy. In anticipation of his appearance, the constitutional Government of Piedmont is obliged to fall away from the sturdy, unflinching

attitude which it had maintained between its two antagonists, Rome and Austria. It partially yields its Civil Marriage Bill, by rendering the religious ceremony a constitutional part of the legal form. It conciliates Austria by proscribing numerous lists of journals, including Mazzini's *Italia e Popolo*. Piedmont, one of the outposts of constitutional government, is manifestly receding before the advance of Austria and Rome; and we understand better why she should recede now, when we learn that the weight of England is unaccountably thrown into the scale against constitutional government.

The reaction is making its way in every form, and simultaneously in different countries. We saw last week the progress which the ultramontane party in France is making in the exclusion of classical authors from the public schools. It is now announced that the Austrian Government likewise intends to exclude classical authors from the University of Vienna. The clergy, which our ministers affect to combat in Ireland, though without the slightest success, are carrying the reaction back far beyond the standards of 1815, not only under the confessedly despotic régimes, but also in France and Piedmont; and England is labouring to maintain the good relations established with Austria.

The *Herald* publishes in its leading columns—with a very mild caveat of its own against official breach of the law—a strange letter, alleged to be from a Paris correspondent, but whether of English or foreign extraction we are left to doubt. The writer naïvely desires to be informed, why the French refugees in Jersey and Guernsey are not expelled by the British Government. "It may become a question demanding the immediate and serious attention of our Government whether the French Red Republicans and political refugees of all colours shall be allowed to collect and congregate in such numbers in places so near—so very near—to the French coast as Guernsey and Jersey." This is noticeable language in the leading columns of the Government journal. The writer adds, that a "friendly" Frenchman might "understand how, under my Lord Palmerston, these gatherings in the Channel Islands should be allowed, or even encouraged; but what I cannot comprehend is the continuance of such things under Lord Malmesbury and the Earl of Derby." Our readers will not be so slow of comprehension. The writer, however, indulges the belief that the "causes of annoyance and irritation will be speedily removed." The "feeler" is evident and complete.

These phenomena in the direction of the continent, we say, impart the ugliest suspicions. It is impossible not to connect these signs of an intrigue on the continent of Europe, in which Downing-street would seem to be involved, with the otherwise inexplicable policy of Downing-street west of the Atlantic.

THE CLOUDED SKY.

THE sky is overcast, and gloom invades not only the atmosphere, but the outlook both of the politician and the economist. Rain, just now, means a damaged harvest, and a damaged harvest means hunger—means a darkening of our prosperity—means, perchance, discontent. And rain so heavy has not oppressed the harvest for years. It comes the more painfully after the bright warm hopes of the early summer: "laughing Ceres" hangs her head and mourns. It may pass indeed: the glass is rising; the sun bursts forth again; but the five days' rain-cloud is a dark momento.

Such visitations, as we continue to insist, are true "judgments." We have, in many ways, broken "the laws of Nature and of the God of Nature," physically, morally, and politically. It often happens, indeed, that we fall short of a full obedience to those laws; but not often that the disobedience is seen in so many shapes of conscious misdoing as it is in the neglect of setting our towns in order, in the alienation of classes, and in the violations of public virtue. And now, verily, the shadow of this clouded sky discloses many a lurid fire of self-retribution kindling for us.

Our political factions have been playing a rival game of bare-faced hypocrisy, and they are punished. Displacing a party which had forfeited its political vitality by the outrageous abuse of a chartered hypocrisy; the "Conservative" faction entered office with a greater hypocrisy of its own—displacing Free-traders on the pre-

text of restoring Protection, and keeping office by a capitulation with Free-trade. And now may come bad harvest, which will raise prices so as doubly to lock the door against Protection, and yet snatching the expected gains from farmer and landowner. The "landed interest" which helped to send in the anti-liberal, anti-national Ministry, sees its triumph menaced by the clouds of a sullen August. The most incompetent Ministry that ever intrigued itself into office, it would seem, may have to undergo the hardest of trials—the conduct of affairs when men's confidence is undermined, and their censure sharpened by trouble, if not hunger.

"Oh! cries Free-trade, if corn fail at home, it will be supplied from abroad." Whence? From the Black Sea, which adverse powers can close against us; or the Baltic, Russiakiate; or the United States, with whom we are letting incompetent Ministers drag us into a war? We do not, indeed, believe in a war with the United States; but the Free-trade party which has slighted mere political questions, has neglected to take security for the fulfilment of its promise, that England need not fear dependence on her bread upon foreign countries. Now we are threatened with a diminished harvest, and the re-traders have connived at those intrigues which have resulted in appointing a Malmesbury to forward our interests in the Baltic, the Bosphorus, and the Mississippi!

Misfortunes never come single; but the oppressive weight of an infliction depends upon the means of bearing it; and a great nation should be prepared to confront great adversities. We must make proportionate changes if we would be so prepared. As it is, there is not a cloud in the sky that does not find us exposed rather than prepared. Practical government has fallen into abeyance or has been trusted to journeyman routine, and we are about to feel the effects. Ireland has been roused to Ultra-Catholic fierceness by the No-Popery cry, and a return of the potato famine comes; as if Heaven were to throw the terrible sound of despair into the cry for good Government, and were to ask, through the shrill voice of suffering, what right political triflers have to tamper with the grave duties of the statesman? Factions contending for power have set town against country; economical dogmas have taught capitalists in towns, and landowners in the country, that the humbler classes are no charge of theirs, but that the poor must take care for themselves: and now a scanty harvest threatens want of work in our towns, want of food and of employment for the untaught, and already half-starved labourers of the fields. Factions have been wasting their time in the true faction fights of Parliament, and talking about "Sanitary Reform," and now the Asiatic cholera, marching from Erzeroum to Warsaw and Dantzig, comes to join its English ally, "summer cholera," already visiting our crowded, undrained, unwashed streets, thick set with unpurified grave-yards; to be expiated again by a fast, and an humiliation for breaking with pedantic consciousness, "the laws of Nature, and of the God of Nature." The soaking sky pours down rains poisoned by what they fall upon, and in the body of disease the heart will sink. While we stand thus, comes the news of these unpleasing misunderstandings with our natural allies in America, or worse understanding with our natural enemies, the upholders of tyranny in Europe; and we hear the news with all the more dismay, because we have no confidence in those who have undertaken to govern us, and for us.

But there is daylight beyond the cloud. There is nothing that England needs, just now, so much as a trial of adversity. We have had too little, nationally, within the last forty years. The banking crash of 1825 only affected classes; the railway crash of 1846 '7 was also a class irritation; even the potato famine of 1847 inflicted in heaviest scourge on Ireland alone. England, almost seatheless, long prospering, is found "apathetic," content with things as they are—with injustice abroad, with unseemliness at home—content to be governed by men who cannot embody national honour. But out of the very disturbances come relief. The former famine, followed by the gold discovery, drained Ireland, and has thinned even England; and already do we find the social effects, North and South. In poor half-spared hungry Wiltshire, hiring fairs are ill-attended—by the labouring class; in Norfolk and Suffolk, farmers are concerting against emig-

tion; in Nottingham, employment is good, the labour-market being thinned; in Perth, farmers are consulting about the dreaded rise of wages; in London itself, common porters have a commission to find clerks, in lieu of the "gents" who are "off to the diggins," and masters assume an unwonted civility. The despised classes are beginning to be valued. Dangers abroad will rouse us from our morbid apathy. Adverse seasons at home will restore a healthier sternness. And when we have felt the want *enough*, we shall insist on having a Government that deserves our confidence, for its ability, strength, and public virtue—a Government that would make us feel confident even in the face of cholera, war, and a deluged harvest.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S BEST FRIEND.

"I HAVE lost my best friend!" is said to have been the exclamation of Louis Napoleon, on learning the death of Alfred d'Orsay. Whether said or not, the phrase points to a truth. Alfred d'Orsay had been the best friend of Louis Napoleon; but friendships are not always reciprocal, and the motive is often worthier than the object. D'Orsay was a genial man, who put a generous construction upon all that sought it; and it may be said that his friendship for Louis Napoleon was too great to be thoroughly welcome. The last and greatest duty which a friend can perform he did perform, in keeping the truth before the rising adventurer; but that duty of a friend could probably have been spared by him to whom it was given without reward. D'Orsay became in himself the standard and measure of Louis Napoleon's bad spirit.

An adventurer in the most liberal sense of the term, d'Orsay had violated many of the conventional laws of society,—had erred even under higher tests; but he retained the best qualities of an adventurer,—courage and generosity. In London he always took the most lively interest in the republican refugees. He raised subscriptions for them, and gave towards those subscriptions sums by no means inconsiderable, even at a time when he was much harassed. His political notions were a bizarre mixture of republicanism and imperialism. By early habit he was an aristocrat; by the circumstances of his life, his ardent temperament, and his disregard of restraint, he was trained to sympathize with democracy; by the bent of his genius, he was *artist*, in every sense of the word, and thus he sought the more refined and dramatic developments of either political doctrine. Socialism pleased him by its daring aspect, and he was far from judging it, as men of his position in England so commonly do, according to the calumnies propagated by ignorance and timidity.

With Louis Napoleon he had been intimately allied, in great part by services which he had rendered to that companion in knight-errantry; and when it became a question of raising Napoleon to the Presidency, Count d'Orsay employed himself with prodigious activity, writing letter upon letter to all parts of France, in the sincere conviction that his friend, when in power, would be the same man that he appeared in his writings when a prisoner. Moreover, d'Orsay had the most profound contempt and aversion for Cavaignac, mainly, we believe, because that prejudiced and half-sighted man had permitted himself to treat an illustrious member of the Socialist party with gross injustice. After Louis Napoleon had been nominated to the Presidency, d'Orsay did not cease to write to him, until his departure from England, urging the honour which he would attain by an amnesty. We may say that these letters have come within our own perusal; and they were very urgent—most elevated in their sentiments, almost imperious.

Summoned to Paris, he was received at the Elysée more coldly than he might have expected; for those who feared his influence had represented to Louis Napoleon that the questionable repute of his friend would render the intercourse disastrous. Louis Napoleon might have replied that if injury were to be done by such a consideration it would be mutual; but in his prosperity the selfish man forgot the friend of his adversity. Possibly his coldness was increased by the fact that d'Orsay obliged him to hear a republican tone of language little to be relished by a "prince" whom the Baroques, and other people of that sort, were then intoxicating with the grossest flatteries. Nevertheless there was a talk of giving to the Count the direction of the

Fine Arts; an idea which he repudiated with energy, since he would not displace M. Charles Blanc. D'Orsay declared, with generous indignation, that to displace the brother of the man, to whom in fact Louis Napoleon owed it that the portals of his country had been opened to himself, would be an act of baseness. Other Napoleonic ideas found in d'Orsay the most energetic and sincere disapproval, notably the Roman expedition, which he openly assailed as an "infamy." The following letter, addressed to a distinguished friend in London, will show the feeling that he entertained at the time:—

"April 19, 1849.

"Ah! my dear friend, if you did but know how ill-blooded I have become in this cursed country! Such a collection of rabble, intrigues, fools, simpletons, and cowardly recreants! I feel France within me, and look for her around me in vain. And you have been fancying that I also should contract the political gangrene! Why, I am twenty times more what I was in London, instead of having deviated one hair's breadth, as you seemed to fear.

"Yes, I quite agree with you in all you say in your letter. I have seen your brave and worthy brother: we are sincere friends; for sympathy is as swift as the electric telegraph. I was almost jealous at his having taken Nieuwkerke for his second rather than myself. It was an infidelity to me, who am now acknowledged as your bosom friend.

"I have dined at Lamartine's, and he told me that you would be pleased with what he had written about you. I told Girardin what you wished.

"I hope to see you again soon, for this long-desired amnesty is coming; much too late, indeed, but better late than never. I look for it on the 4th of May, *full and entire*. [With what result we now know.]

"What do you think of the amazing imbecility of the Italian expedition? This time, the geese of the Capitol will laugh at the Gauls. The Republic constituting itself first soldier to the Pope! I said to Lamartine that the Revolution would lose its virginity by this intervention; for it was, historically speaking, really a fine thing to have been so moderate. Either the whole of Europe should have been overrun by the Republican flag, or France should have made it a matter of coquetry not to stir at all. In fact, blunders are being heaped on blunders. *Que le Diable emporte les imbecilles!* and he will have a precious task! *Au revoir!* A thousand friendly recollections from the ladies.

"Believe me ever your affectionate

"A. D'ORSAY."

D'Orsay was too stout a friend, and Louis Napoleon could not stand the strain put upon the better part of his nature. All intercourse between them ceased.

At that time d'Orsay was placed in circumstances the most unfortunate,—so much so, that he accepted an asylum from a friend. The accomplished and fortunate painter, Gudin, offered him a small lodgings in a house which belonged to him; and d'Orsay fitted up the humble apartment with the taste that characterized him. He hung its walls with pictures, which artists sent him from all parts; and thus he formed it into a true sanctuary of the arts. Here he was visited by all that Paris contained of the intellectual and the amiable. Here, however, he was seized with that malady which brought him to death. When he consented to accept the place so tardily found for him, and so long repelled, he was literally in a dying condition; broken down in strength, in spirit, perhaps even dimmed as to his insight. Louis Napoleon had avenged himself for d'Orsay's too courageous friendship, by seducing the dying man into a position which he had refused so long as he retained his faculties. But d'Orsay's friends remember him as he was; and they judge of Louis Napoleon by the manner in which he appreciated his "best friend."

INDICATIONS OF REFORM IN DOCTORS' COMMONS.

NUMEROUS articles have lately appeared in the journals having a similar object to that in our last number on the Ecclesiastical Courts. Public feeling on this topic is setting in stiffly against these time-honoured abominations. The pressure has been felt in high quarters, and instances are plentiful as blackberries of the tendencies towards reform which are being forced from without upon people in power. The verdict of the nation is so decided, that there can be no doubt Ministers will try to monopolise the popular cry for their own use. And although the *Morning Herald* tells us in its semi-confidential whisper

that—"The Chancellor will apply himself to reduce the expenses of proceedings under commissions *de lunatico inquirendo*;" "that the able and learned Queen's Advocate is applying his mind to the amendment of the Ecclesiastical Courts;" and "that never in the memory of man was there a body of gentlemen so bent on law reform as the members of the present Cabinet;" we are not so sure that they will succeed; because no trust can be placed in them to work any reforms which are not dictated to, and forced on them. But we are willing to take these officious admissions as evidence how strongly Ministers feel the breeze, and how keenly desirous they are to snatch at popularity somewhere.

To be successful, the movement must rely on other propelling agencies. And these are not wanting. It is well known that Lord Chief Justice Knight Bruce is alive to the necessity of reform; and when the tide of wholesome innovation has surged up to him, we may be sure of its depth and power.

Next session, we are enabled to state, Sir Benjamin Hall will bring the whole question before the House of Commons. This will test the earnestness of Lord Derby—if he be in office—and of Lord Any-body-else, if he be not. It is truly amazing how even the long-suffering British public can have so long endured these sinks of official laziness, legal corruption, and judicial plundering, favourably known to the tutelar Deities of Fraud and Delay by the title of Ecclesiastical Courts.

HINTS TO NEW M.P.'S. BY AN EXPERIENCED STRANGER.

I

GENTLEMEN.—An argument invariably used by our great statesmen against the proposition of annual Parliaments and of triennial Parliaments is, that it takes, at the very least, two sessions to acclimate a new member to the moral atmosphere of the House. Perhaps the argument is a very silly one, since the atmosphere of the House may be very deficient in moral oxygen, from too much using up, and since the rough vigour of new brooms, provided the supply of new brooms can be kept up, may be worth more than the symmetrical and leisurely sweeping of practised and somewhat scrubby besoms. But the argument, at least, shows that there is an understood supposition that the new member is but a "Fuchs," or "Freshman," for a year or two after taking the oaths: that a Peel, if a Fuchs, is a less desirable legislator than a Sibthorpe, if a seasoned "Bursch"; and with the sense that you are all, therefore, in everybody's estimation, a set of rather ridiculous greenhorns, you may be disposed, having had a week or two to recover from the intoxication of your senatorial glories, to listen deferentially to the hints of a "stranger," who, as one of the public, and privately, is interested in your good behaviour. Doubtless there is a species of wisdom to be learned only by repeatedly playing the fool; and a perfect "Guide to the House of Commons" would no more turn a raw Jones at once into a Tom Duncombe (the greatest tactician who ever sat in the House), or an unknown Smith into a Ralph Bernal, suavest and keenest of all chairmen of Committees, than a map of Paris would teach an Alderman French. But the House of Commons has its esoteric and exoteric faiths and faces; and if the neophytes get a few "wrinkles" as they approach the threshold, they may be able to pass muster very much sooner than they or their constituents could reasonably have expected among the venerable priests in the *adytum* who have blundered their own way to initiation. People who study the "Reports" have no more idea of the House of Commons than an Adelphi pit has of the Adelphi troupe. The House is a great theatre, with its green-room as well as its stage. It is a great club, all in all, in itself and to itself, with its own heroes, its own way of thought, and its own way of talk. Cut off from the mass of the nation by the restricted suffrage whence it proceeds, and compelled, by its forms, and the presence of Ministers of the Crown, to follow official ends, the English House of Commons is in no respect a "popular assembly;" and no man will succeed in it who does not remember that fact. Ah! but, says Jones, I come from three hundred thousand people, and I'll talk at the nation over the head of the Speaker. Anterior Joneses have tried; and have not only collapsed in the House, but have failed altogether of public good. Reform

the House by all means; but meanwhile, if you go there, Jones, go to make the most of it as it is, and to manage it to your own ends (otherwise those of your constituents) in spite of it.

There is one preliminary new men should pay some attention to. Those of the new members who are not new men, in the sense of being practised to fight through public work in public places, do not need the hint; but it is indispensable for others. There should be a medical examination and a medical certificate for all new men facing the House of Commons. Clearly, great physique is one of the conditions of success in a life of action; and in the modern career of a man who works with his generation, there is more veritable bodily labour than is undergone by a soldier in a campaign. Mark the men who win in public life; and you will see that they are all men of the enduring build. It seems a truism; but very few people observe this, and, at any rate, not one in ten thousand regulates his "choice of life" by a reference to his anatomy. I don't mean big men or broad men. I mean men with large heads (proportionate to the trunk), thick necks, and deep chests. Other sort of men may write great books, or start the ideas for the men of action; but this sort of man only succeeds in action. These are the men who "get on" in the world, commercial or political. "Industry," the key to all success, is only endurance; and endurance is a tangible physical quality, no sermons and no personal resolves can convey to a man.

Force and vigour—pluck—are the certain accompaniments of a special general conformation of the hinder part of the head and of the neck; and these qualities are to the forehead—to the thinking and creating faculties—just what the Tender is to the Locomotive, supplying all the coals. A certain animalism is indispensable to the effect, in moving masses of men, of pure intellectuality; and so true is this, that great defects, so considered abstractedly, of character, are necessary to political leaders—that, in short, the great thinkers, who are great by force of the exclusively pure intellect, cannot succeed in public life at all. This is a theory, like most of its kind, to be tested by application to the men around us; and it is worth nothing if it is not true of the prominent leaders in our English politics. The Premier *in esse* and the Premiers *in posse* are certainly illustrations. A Premier reaches his altitude in these days of oligarchical supremacies by influence—by impressing himself on those around him; and the strong, forcible, enduring, restless man only is equal to that most enormous and wearying of human labours, diplomatically and assiduously "making friends." It is not a new distinction, that, between men of thought and men of action—between the official engrossers of acts of parliament and the poets who have decreed the truths on which statutes rest; but it is new that the gentlemen who are thinking of the "honour of a seat" need not wait for experience to test their capacity to work out in labour their dreams of a career. They can obtain the knowledge by measuring their anatomes against the current Pitts and Peels of their day.

Of course all this appears only to apply to a very few; since every new M.P. does not aim at being Premier. But it applies to all. It is a question of physique as to the fitness of every man, if fitted in respect to brains, for the wear and tear of popular agitation—House of Commons life being an "agitation," though now and again, only, "popular." Certainly, to the man who goes into the House of Commons as he would go into a club, because it is "the right thing" to belong to it, and who contemplates a lounging career of back benches and silence, the specification of any physical condition is needless. Such persons, Lordlings and squires, are not fit for public life, because the choice of such a career betrays the want of common intellect and the absence of common honesty; and I am speaking in reference to the average new men elected, possessed of presentable ability to judge on plain matters and between competing leaders, and who comfort their conscience with the conviction that they have principles to work out, and that they can be of service to their country.

If they have been at work before they saw the hustings—if they have been barristers, railway royalties, busy merchants, busy not only in the counting-house but in the public business of their localities, they know precisely what amount of

physique and what nice care of the best of frames is needed to stand the rush and crush of competitive existence. It is not a question whether the body can "stand it"; it is a question whether the physical nature is such that the man can face, fight with, control, or at least keep abreast of, the crowds of rough, violent, fierce natures to be met in every *melee*, small and large, at committees and in public meetings. It is a question not only "Shall I last so many years if I work so hard and live so and so?" but "Am I the sort of man to impress myself on others, and to stand out of the crowd of despised commonplace?" That is entirely a question to be answered by the beat of the pulse.

See what the fatigue of public life is—for those who mean to succeed in it. It is a sort of business in which so much work will bring such and such a return. Position in the House of Commons is what members who are practical men must aim at: and position is only accorded to those who labour hardest. In fact, those who give themselves up to the House entirely, induce the House to give itself up to them. Mr. Disraeli has lived in the House for twelve sessions. Sir Robert Peel was the "greatest member of Parliament ever known." Lord John Russell even talks in private with the House of Commons peremptory twang. Mr. Hume is revered by both sides and all parties, because in the hottest agitation he was deferential to the House: and because his individual labours have enhanced invaluably the aggregate estimation of the whole body. Among the lesser gods reward is proportionate to capacity for work. The Wilson Pattens, Ralph Bernal, the Greenes, and the Baines, and the Thornleys, work for the House, perhaps with results of which the public is not directly sensible, in the assortment, privately, of public business; and the reward is not simply in the sense of virtuous jog-trotism, but in the smiles which beam on them on all sides, in the acquiescence shown to all their wishes, in the power granted to them in regard to private bills, and in the setting aside of 1500*l.* a year for Chairmen of committees. On the other hand the men who will not identify themselves with the House—who don't sit through debates, who shirk committees, and who talk of their constituents, and give themselves the airs of persons only descending to be members—signally fail either of intimidating the Senate, or of gratifying themselves. Mr. Cobden, for instance, has never adopted the House of Commons style or knack—he has never attempted to manage the House; and hence his position in the House in no way reflects his middle-class power out of doors. Mr. Bright is always member for Manchester—never member of the House; and, therefore, he is without power of influencing individually or generally. More signal instances may be adduced of the folly of men joining a body they intend to defy. Mr. George Thompson was Oh, oh'd, in his first speech, and expressed his indifference to the opinions thus suggested; and he was only heard of afterwards as a failure. O'Connell attempted, in turn, to bully and cajole, and never did anything for Ireland in consequence. And identification with the House is only to be effected by working sedulously with and for the House. Less work would make fortunes on 'Change, or fame at the bar. With constituents to satisfy on the one hand, and the stipulations of the House of Commons to meet on the other, there is no rest. Those who have private business as well as public duties to discharge cannot meet the requirements of their offices, and fall into the second rank of House of Commons heroes; one reason why the lords, squires, and sons of *nouveaux riches*—the great disengaged—beat the Radicals, who have generally private worlds to look after, in legislative racing. Those who devote themselves to the House of Commons exclusively, to become conspicuous personages, live the hardest of human lives—live such lives, no doubt, because the labour is the excitement they love; but whatever their abstract, intellectual admiration of the function of governing the British empire, their qualifications for it must be dependent upon the report of their physiologist. Even when men are gifted with the giant frame of a Hume, or a Graham, or a Peel, they must exist by the most stringent rules of feeding—must treat themselves as trainers treat racers. There was a time when the newspaper report could be—"Mr. Sheridan staggered and said," when Fox would drop in after thirty hours of pique and talk at fever

heat; and when Mr. Pitt would be leaning over a basin behind the Speaker's chair, clearing himself of the port, and arranging the argument with which he would, by and bye, destroy "the talents." But the House of Commons in those days was only a magnificent debating society. In these days, our Russells, and Gladstones, and Disraelis live by a regimen; dull, perhaps, in proportion as they dwell in rigid decencies; but thus only enabled to humour the genius of the epoch—a decidedly respectable and slow one. A glass of sherry, in our era, might destroy a week's work, or change the fate of a debate. Eighteen hours out of every twenty-four must be sacrificed by all men meaning great results in a brisk world; and none can keep their legs in such a career, without shunning most of the delights civilization provides for humanity with out a "purpose."

My preliminary hints extend unmanageably; and what more I have to say must be postponed till next week.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT.

II.

"Men that are great lovers of themselves waste the public. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others."—FRANCIS BACON.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR.—The produce of the earth—all that is extracted from its surface by the application of science, labour, and capital—is now divided, under the name of rent, profit, and wages, between three classes of society—namely, the proprietors of land, the owners of stock, and the labourers, by whose skill and industry all wealth has been created. But if the principle of individual property were excluded, and land and all the instruments of production were held in common, the direction of labour and the division of produce would become public and magisterial acts, whether the division were made upon a system of absolute equality, or of apportionment to the wants or deserts of individuals, or upon some principle, or supposed principle, of justice or expediency.

The first of these modes of distribution is known by the name of Communism, a word recently introduced into this country, although communities founded upon similar principles existed at the most remote periods of history. The Communists entirely exclude the principle of individual property, and assume that every one has an equal right to an equal share of the common stock. Communism, in fact, being a system of rigid social equality, enforced by a more or less absolute authority. On the Communistic scheme, supposing it to be successful, there would be an end of all anxiety concerning the means of subsistence; but, as Mr. Mill has stated in his *Principles of Political Economy*:

"It is perfectly possible to realize the same advantage in a society grounded on private property; and to this point the tendencies of political speculation are rapidly converging. Supposing this attained, it is surely a vast advantage on the side of the individual system, that it is compatible with a far greater degree of personal liberty. The perfection of social arrangements would be to secure to all persons complete independence and freedom of action, subject to no restriction but that of not doing injury to others. The scheme which we are considering abrogates this freedom entirely, and places every action of every member of the community under command."

Socialism has been adopted by the English communists as the characteristic name for their own doctrine, although it does not necessarily imply the absolute negation of individualism. The term, Socialism, is now generally applied to any economical system by which land—the original inheritance of the human race—and all the instruments of labour, become the property of communities, or of associations. The modern Socialists, however, advocate a system, not of equal, but of unequal division; that all should labour according to their strength or capacity, and share the product according to their deserts or necessities. Hitherto, the general policy of Europe has greatly impeded the free circulation of labour and capital, both from employment to employment, and from place to place. But in spite of these obstructions, Labour has already passed through three successive stages in its progress towards final emancipation; namely, from slavery to serfdom, and from serfdom to hired service, under the competitive system. And Mr. Mill acknowledges, that—"we are, as yet,

too ignorant either of what individual agency in its best form, or Socialism in its best form, can accomplish, to be qualified to decide which of the two will be the ultimate form of human society."

Co-operative Association (the co-partnership of working capitalists, for the purpose of self-employment), or concert in the direction of labour and the division of produce, is by no means incompatible with, or hostile to, individual freedom or the right of private possession; and when properly understood and applied, it becomes a friendly and auxiliary power. The problem to be solved by means of Co-operation is this,—Whether it be possible to obtain the efficiency and economy of production on a large scale, and to adjust the proportional distribution of produce, without dividing the producers—the employers and the employed—into two hostile parties, with apparently conflicting interests; the rates of the wages of labour being adjusted in a spirit of reckless and bitter antagonism? The perfect solution of the problem implies, that the associate, while preserving the greatest possible amount of individual freedom, shall secure all the social advantages of union.

There are two objections frequently made to the co-operative system; first, that men would endeavour to evade their fair share of labour; and secondly, that they would work less when they work for themselves than when they work for others.

In answer to the first objection it has been wittily remarked, that there is a kind of work, hitherto more indispensable than most others, that of fighting, which is never conducted on any other than the co-operative system; and neither in a rude nor civilized society has the supposed difficulty been experienced.

To the second objection I reply, that as the work done by freemen is in the end cheaper than that performed by slaves, so the work executed by self-employing associates, even at a higher rate of remuneration, is more productive and profitable than the labour of hired workmen, who have no other interest in the enterprise than to fulfil their contract and to earn their wages. The liberal reward of labour, as it is the effect of increasing wealth, so it is a cause of the increase of population; and to complain of such a result would be to lament over the necessary cause and effect of the greatest public prosperity. But, in my opinion, the improvement—moral and social as well as physical, in the condition of the working classes, will be the most important result of the practical application of the principle of SELF-EMPLOYMENT.

In another letter I shall endeavour, briefly, to trace the history of modern Socialism.

I remain yours faithfully,

WILLIAM CONINGHAM.

Kemp Town, August 5th.

THE DANGERS OF THE TEMPERANCE "CAUSE."

Is not Truth stronger than Error?—then how is it that Error so often prevails, and Truth is so often an alien? Is not Truth omnipotent?—then how is it that it is so often defeated? Is not Truth immortal?—then how is it that it has so often perished? Is not Truth the most beautiful of things?—then how is it that it is so often disliked? Is it not the most valuable of possessions?—then how is it that it is so commonly despised and its friends persecuted?

Ask the enthusiast. The secret dwells with him: as, in two or three letters, we may be able to show.

Theory is comparatively useless, unless practice applies it to life. Science is a sealed casket, unless you have the Art which liberates the gem, and wears it. In a very old book, in black letter and jaundiced leaves, (that is if you have at hand the edition now before me,) you may read a Spanish proverb of great shrewdness, which might often be repeated with profit on both sides the Atlantic,—namely, that "Knowledge itself may be an evil unless good sense take care of it." How much more true this may be of *zeal*—which runs hither and thither, doing either good or mischief, never inquiring which, so long as you applaud its activity.

How else can you account for the failure of so many excellent movements? Some reformations, now languishing out their last hours, are, in themselves, so admirable, that they have required an unusual degree of talent and perseverance, on the part of their advocates—to kill them. The temperance movement would now be half as strong again, had its friends been only *half* as earnest. You admire their enthusiasm, and deplore its effects. They have converted the name of the honest virtue of temperance into that disagreeable designation "teetotalism." "Moderation," says Bishop

Hall, with a simile certainly difficult to explain—"Moderation," says the Bishop, prettily, "is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all our virtues." Moderation, by our Temperance teachers, is described in the extremest of language, and by the grimnest of figures. It is in their most forbearing and tolerant mood that they liken it only to "an inclined plane, polished as marble, and slippery as ice, upon which, if the foot be once placed, you inevitably glide down to perdition." This is false, as a rule,—it may be false in nine cases out of ten, in nineteen out of twenty, but the user of the simile will cling to it all the same for that. The temperance societies were called upon to subscribe a testimonial to Mr. George Cruikshank, in reward for that extraordinary series of designs entitled the "Bottle," which commenced with the delineation of a respectable artisan pouring out a glass of wine for his young wife, after dinner:—a glass represented as the first step on the aforesaid "inclined plane." The "perdition," you may be sure, is provided for in the end. The infamous moral of this series of designs is, that the man comes to kill his wife; he dies himself in a mad-house; his daughter finds her way to the brothel, and his son to the hulks. And you are gravely requested to believe, or submit to be told, that this will be the end of every family, where a glass of wine is conscientiously poured out at the table between husband and wife. The consequence is that thousands of families, disgusted at this intolerant and calumnious advocacy, turn away from the noble cause of Temperance, to which, otherwise, they would lend useful countenance and valuable support. We have lately seen the Reverend Mr. Gale, of Birmingham, outrage an audience of ladies and clergymen by proposing that every missionary should sign the pledge, or something to that suspicious effect. We have no sympathy with the rudeness with which Mr. Gale was treated by Mr. Beily, who knocked his spectacles off, but we can very well understand how a body of educated gentlemen might well feel outraged, at this gratuitous imputation put upon their powers of self-conduct. In another series of engravings, the "teetotaller" will show you that Moderation is the transition step to destitution, and, *vice versa*, that if you abstain entirely, instead of being "moderate," you are "certain sure" to have a parlour, a parrot, a side-board, and a fortune. It is this intemperate extravagance that brings the honest dogma of temperance into contempt. You know that thousands of gentlemen throughout our land every day set before their guests the most agreeable varieties of wines, without caring to taste them themselves. You know that thousands of gentlemen who have well-stocked cellars never were intemperate, and never will be. You know that thousands of people are hopelessly poor, and rigidly temperate at the same time; and you despise the tactics which impute to every man the incapacity of self-control, and pretend that intemperance is the sole cause of distress: which ignore the other thousand evils and oppressions to which civilized flesh is heir—each in its turn a cause of social destitution. The politician who ascribes all human evil to "class legislation"—the social reformer who ascribes it all to "competition"—the orator of the tub in the neighbourhood of Bethel, who ascribes it all to the non-acceptance of the last new creed he has adopted, we pass by, by common consent, as ill-informed fanatics. But this kind of doctrine on Temperance platforms, or in teetotal publications, is applauded as the essence of non-alcoholic philanthropy. Influential friends of rational temperance among the people, have often asked why the *Leader* did not join this advocacy in a formal manner. Our answer has always been, that to advocate Temperance in the usual way was to bring it into further contempt. To advocate it as we should think rationally, would be to expose ourselves to certain harshness of imputation. If we said one word in favour of a *rational temperance*, (if such a conjunction of phrase, now made necessary, can be allowed) we should very likely be met by an accusation of being the apologists of intoxication. Such being the courtesy with which any approximate advocacy is commonly met. If a man is absolutely a drunkard, he will find himself the object of sympathy and kind attentions on the part of innumerable teetotal orators, and tract distributors—but if he is simply a sensible, virtuous man, who avoids all excess, and is master of his own impulses, he will be sure to be denounced by a hundred tongues and pens as the cause of all the drunkenness, vice, crime, and murder in the world. Your moderate man is the object of the special and unrelenting antipathy of your teetotaller. Just as the politician of "six-points" hates the man of "four" more than he hates the Tory who will refuse him even *one*—just as the bigot hates the Rationalist (who would purify his religion) more than he hates the fat corruptionists who will destroy it—so the teetotaller abhors the friend who sheds a manly charm over a salutary dogma. Touching the Birmingham meeting to which reference has been made, Mr. George Dawson,

alluding to Mr. Gale's display, said, with that quaint courage for which Mr. Dawson is remarkable, that "he had tried teetotalism for several years, and now he was giving the other thing a turn." We have been looking in the print-sellers windows ever since, expecting to see another series of plates by Mr. Cruikshank, in which the celebrated young preacher of St. Saviour's will be traced through well-marked declensions down to abject destitution, if not to a more significant end. Such are the immorality of advocacy which disfigure a cause, that might, by wiser management, gather unto itself the widest honour, as it might be the fruitful source of rational blessings.

It were too long to descant on the thousand ways in which incurable hostilities are raised up against this question. It is an old trick of the politician and the theologian to infer what *they* suppose will be the consequences of any given theory, and to charge those *inferences as facts* upon their opponents, and to declare that they *intend* all the crimes imputed to them. On this principle licensed victuallers are denounced by the thousands as criminals and murderers. Upon the same principle the vegetarian denounces the butcher—the hydropath the druggist—the homeopath the allopath—and upon the same principle everybody might denounce everybody else. The wiser course would surely be to trace the consequences of a given habit to its own results and trust to that for reformation—at the same time carefully allowing for difference of opinion, carefully respecting conscientious conclusions the opposite of our own. Your modern temperance apostle will have none of this precaution. He seems to think moderation of manner as criminal as moderation in alcohol. He perhaps does not say right out that he is infallible, but he acts as though he were, and he refuses to believe that any one can have reasons for pursuing a conduct the reverse of his own. Dr. Frederick Lees, the philosopher of the Teetotal ranks, may be excepted from this classification, but it is difficult to recall any other name, which commands public respect, as associated with this species of consideration. An eminent London writer lately found himself in the provinces engaged to lecture. After the lecture, he asked to be directed to some establishment where hospitality could be purchased at least for money, as it may be at any Inn in the kingdom. He was directed to a Temperance Hotel, where he asked, being fatigued, for a glass of wine. He was told rudely that he could have nothing of the sort there.

"But it is necessary for me," was the reply.

"No matter. I do not believe in the necessity. It is not necessary to me and I cannot supply it to a customer. I would not supply it to my friend or my own father," answered the conscientious and discourteous hotel-keeper.

"Is this civil philosophy of thy invention, my friend?" said the indignant visitor.

"It is my rule, and it is also the custom approved by the Temperance Society to which I belong. They would exclude me if I supplied wine in my house."

"Why even Dr. Carpenter, in the essay lying there (said the lecturer, pointing to a volume before him) for writing which your Society gave a prize, would teach you that under the circumstances of fatigue, just now my own, a glass of wine would be salutary."

"The rule of our society forbids it unless a medical man has ordered it," was the tart response.

"Is it come to this in a civilized town in England that a man must live on the sufferance of every accidental keeper of a pop-shop—and drink the detestable compounds which a Teetotal Hotel may supply or go without; or, what is as humiliating, condescend to plead the order of his physician for his least act of diet?" exclaimed the incensed metropolitan.

"We believe alcoholic drinks to be poison, and therefore we cannot conscientiously supply them," replied the Puritan of this Ginger-beer Church.

"Who made you the authority which determines what is poison to me? By what right do you dictate to me what I shall exist upon?"

"We should apply the same rule in a private house," answered Lemonade.

"Do you mean that your brethren would refuse me, on friendly visit, that food or beverage which I found most suitable for myself?"

"O yes, we should," was the assurance of this dealer in cordials that make you sick.

"Would you," rejoined an alcoholic colloquist, "carry the insolence of your temperance so far? What would you say if you were subjected to the same offensive rule in life?" You visit a Vegetarian friend expecting a wholesome mutton chop, which you could conscientiously eat. He tells you mutton is poison; he calls you a cannibal, and sets before you, as at Hengrave, an unboiled cabbage or raw carrots. You visit a Hydropath in winter, and he insists upon your unmuffling yourself, and letting the cold air brace you as it braces himself. He cannot conscientiously suffer you

to poison your skin, and he will no more suffer you to enter his house in a great coat than the Teetotaler would allow you to bring in a bottle of wine.

A third friend invites you to a Christmas festivity, and lets all his fires out, as he conscientiously objects to poison your lungs by the relaxing effeminacy of warm air. Another refuses to give you coffee at breakfast, or your wife tea in the afternoon, as he conscientiously objects to poison your nerves with those deleterious drugs. You fall ill under such unexpected usages and the want of the accustomed conditions of your life, and send for your medical adviser. But you cannot have him at your friend's house. He is a decided Homeopathist; and unless you will swallow certain globules of "arsenicum," "belladonna," "nux vomica," "lycopodium," or "toxicodendron," in which you have no kind of faith, you may perish. Your friend's conscience will not condescend or consent to let you poison yourself by allopathic mixtures and compounds. What is this rule of conduct but the old Papist, Protestant, and Dissenting intolerance, which dictated the form and spirit in which men should worship God, under the pretence that they could not conscientiously allow men to poison their souls by creeds and doctrines unapproved by *them*. This is a principle which, instead of making you respect conscience as the beautiful rule of a man's own life, makes you curse it as the source of public fanaticism and of private rudeness, as that which converts the table of friendly hospitality into a bear garden of contending and intolerant sectaries. "No, sir," added the outraged *littérateur*, "if this is your doctrine, may it perish with you. Order my cab, and direct the driver to some inn where there is more civility and less pretension to public virtue. For they are more excusable who put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains than they who, pretending to a virtue others have not, put a dogma into their heads to steal away their manners."

Here was the instance of an educated gentleman, of unblemished private habits, of remarkable abstemiousness, treated with Vandal coarseness, and forced, at a late hour, into the streets, to seek some other public asylum, where he could be supplied with the ordinary conditions of his own health.

And these cases are of common occurrence. It will be said this gentleman ought not to have been directed to such a place. Granted; but may it not be asked why such places, with the title of *Temperance Hotels*, should be conducted so as to disgust everybody with that wholesome name, and to make it impossible for a public speaker to revert to it, who otherwise might extend its influence among the people. There are some few *Temperance Hotels* in the provinces from which this intolerance is banished, but the gentlemen who keep them are all tabooed by their worthy colleagues of the Teetotal Committee. We have no right to complain of false professors, who bring true religion into contempt—of violent democrats, or denunciatory republicans, who endanger public freedom and the cause of popular government by their excesses—while we affect silence, if not approbation, with regard to a body of men who arrogate to themselves the virtue of sobriety and good will to the populace, and all along display the very intoxication of imputation and uncharitableness, and demoralise in new respects the manners of those whom they affect to save.

We claim to be considered the true friends of this said *Temperance cause*, to write for its reformation, and to save it from the dangers to which it exposes itself; and we believe that many of its intelligent supporters will agree that there is some truth in our representations, and some cause for our remonstrances. The present writer has the pleasure of knowing many active, eminent, and liberal friends of this cause, who deplore, with him, the exaggerations and extravagances which deface it.

We will pursue this subject further, and devote a few paragraphs also to the Anti-Slavery advocacy (a most noble cause), which is open to the same objections, and which, in the name of a very noisy humanity, contrives, year by year, to rivet the fetters of the poor negro faster than before.

ION.

WHITE AND BLACK SLAVES.—I have no doubt there are many shrewd people in your country who say, and many shrewd people in both countries who echo the saying, that there is very little substantial difference between the condition of the English labourer and that of the American Slave. There is, however, even in our poorest districts, and in the worst of times, all the difference between true humanity and barbarism; between the dignified condition of a man oppressed by untoward circumstances, and the abject wretchedness of another driven about like a beast—in short between manhood and *brutality*.—*Fraser's Magazine*.—August.



Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE LATE CO-OPERATIVE CONFERENCE.

(To the *Editor of the Leader*.)

London, August 9th, 1852.

SIR,—A paragraph having appeared in the *Leader* of Saturday, August the 7th, stating, "It may satisfy inquirers to know that we did not exclude the report of the Co-operative Conference—which we had prepared last week—because of its sectarian and exclusive character, so damaging as we conceive to the interests advocated by that conference," &c.,—permit me to remark, that if it be meant by the above that the report you had prepared was of a "sectarian and exclusive character," you acted wisely in withholding its publication; but if it be meant that the Conference itself was of a sectarian and exclusive character, I think the remark could only have been made under some misapprehension of the character and proceedings of that body. I should therefore feel much obliged, and I am sure the delegates who attended that Conference will also be glad to learn from you, in the next number of the *Leader*, in what the sectarian and exclusive character of the Conference consisted. Waiting your reply,

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS SHORTER,
Secretary to the Conference.

[Our correspondent *ex officio* labours under a gratuitous difficulty in not being able to divine whether the report we prepared, or the Conference, was "sectarian and exclusive." We applied those terms to the Conference. We received a letter from Mr. Shorter, on July 13th, requesting us to give publicity to the fact of the Conference being about to be held, but no invitation to attend its proceedings reached this journal. As this courtesy was not put upon some of our contemporaries, who have laboured less than ourselves in the same cause, we presumed that, with respect to us, the omission was intentional. On the other part of the constitution of the Conference we do not now enter. Mr. Vansittart Neale's letter, which we give below—so much more explanatory and courteous in tone—will be read with satisfaction by the friends of universal co-operation.—ED.]

LETTER FROM MR. E. VANSITTART NEALE.

(To the *Editor of the Leader*.)

August 11, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—In your paper of the 7th instant there are some observations relating to the late Co-operative Conference which impute to it a "sectarian and exclusive character, damaging to the interests it advocated." I presume that these observations take their rise in the circumstance of the greater number of associations represented at that Conference, and of the persons who took part in it, happening to be connected with the body known as Christian Socialists. You must, however, allow me to state, from personal knowledge, that this circumstance arose, not from the want of invitations having been sent to other bodies of an associative character, nor from any attempt made to exclude persons not connected with the Christian Socialists, but simply because few comparatively of those invited to send delegates chose to do so, and these were principally the associations more especially connected with the Society for Promoting Working Men's Associations. Invitations were sent to every co-operative body of which the address was known to those who convened the meeting; and if on this first occasion the greater number of the associations which answered the invitation happened to be acquainted with the invitees, this is a circumstance to be expected at the commencement

of such an undertaking, and one which will not, I hope, recur on a future occasion, when the intention of holding a Conference will be better known, and the locality selected for holding it will be in the neighbourhood of a great body of co-operative associations. It was the hope of the conveners of the Conference that most of the leading characters known to be favourable to associative views in London would have been present, and sit as delegates from different associative bodies, who, by the terms of the invitation for holding the Conference, were not confined in their choice to members of their own associations. On another occasion, I trust that we may find as members of the Conference all, or most, at least, of those whose names are connected by public reputation with the advocacy of co-operation, as the representatives of associative bodies, and that by their presence all appearance of exclusiveness in the constitution of the Conference will be effectively removed. Those who were present at the meeting know that the exclusiveness was in appearance only: from beginning to end the discussions turned entirely on practical subjects interesting to all associative bodies, and were as devoid of all sectarian character as it was possible for them to be; and if the circumstances which I have mentioned gave to the Conference an appearance of exclusiveness, the conveners of it are not fairly chargeable with a result which they endeavoured to avoid, and individually regret.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
E. VANSITTART NEALE.

VON BECK AT BIRMINGHAM.

(To the *Editor of the Leader*.)

Birmingham, August 10, 1852.

DEAR SIR,—In your impression of the 31st ult., appeared a leading article on "The Von Beck Case," with which I fully agree, and regard it as one of the fairest summaries of the facts of the case the press has yet issued.

"An Old Subscriber," dating from this town, in making some remarks on a passage in that article, says, that Mr. Dawson's brother-in-law gave, as the medical adviser of the "Baroness," his opinion, that "any sudden excitement, or the exertion of walking up stairs, might cause her death," and therefore implies that the fatal issue might have been foreseen.

On this I would beg to remark, that after this opinion had been given by Mr. Crampton, the *pseudo* Baroness had so far recovered as to go out both in a carriage and *on foot*, that on the night previous to her arrest she was *dancing*, and on the same night would have taken part in *private theatricals*—rather exciting amusements.

Now, I would ask, with these facts before them, and with the full conviction that the woman was an impostor, what else could the defendants have done but agree to her immediate arrest.

It is much to be regretted that, with only the *ex parte* statements at present before the public, persons should be so rash, so forgetful of the dictates of common justice and fair play, usually considered the *especial* characteristics of the English people, as to prejudge a case in which the character, reputation, and honour of their fellow men are involved.

I am, Dear Sir, yours truly,
ANOTHER OLD SUBSCRIBER.

THE PROVINCE OF TOLERATION.

(To the *Editor of the Leader*.)

SIR,—I am often surprised at the forbearance you exercise towards your enemies. I admire your toleration of those who, however much they abuse you recognise your right to the opinions you may hold; but towards those who sacrifice all individual liberty of thought to an idea of conformity, I think toleration is at once dangerous and wrong in principle.

With those who admit private judgment, the freedom of speech or propagandism is mutual liberty. But the case is far different with those who ignore and anathematize *all* opinions but those which priests may consider orthodox; I hold, then, that he who ignores my conscience has no right to expect his own to be respected.

I have been led to these remarks by your short paragraph of last week, on "Mutual Toleration;" and whatever version you may put upon "free thought, free speech, free development for all," I consider myself a consistent advocate of free thought when I deny to another the right to usurp my liberty. I think true liberty does not consist in such proceeding, any more than true honesty consists in giving to your neighbour goods to which he has no claim.

I know not but this position may be false or paradoxical, but I feel that some distinction ought to be drawn between the admitters and deniers of private judgment.—Yours, truly,

EARNEST.

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

It will be pleasant news to our readers to hear that MACAULAY has finished two more volumes of his *History*, which may be expected early next season. A more restricted circle will also be glad to hear that GERVINUS is busy with a new work, the *History of the South American Republics*.

In the last *Revue des Deux Mondes* there is an article on the French Fleet, said to be by the Prince de JOINVILLE, assuredly not by M. de MARS (who signs it); and following it there is a continuation of St. MARC GIRARDIN's acute and agreeable study of Rousseau—this paper being devoted to the rhetorical sophism of Equality. St. MARC GIRARDIN does not see where the fundamental error lies. He does not see that the declamations about equality are founded on a profound misconception of human nature, which misconception leads to the belief that governments and institutions can do everything, that the source of all evil lies *there*. Equality of conditions is nonsense; equality of rights is all that can be demanded. Why do not the flowers get up a cry of *inégalité des conditions*? Nature who never repeats herself, who never makes two leaves precisely alike, does not make two men precisely alike; and she having made them unequal, Philosophy, in the presumption of its rationalistic conception, fancies there is a way to rectify this inequality! But it is written, you may expel Nature with a fork, and she reappears the next minute—you may decree the absolute equality of men, but the next minute Nature's decree will abrogate it!

Men want freedom, not equality. They want their own individuality respected, and not that individuality merged in the uniformity of the race. All they really ask for is that BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON, should have no prescriptive right to fill offices for which Nature has not fitted them; should not, in a word, have *privileges*, beyond those ineffaceable privileges of superior organization. So far from there being a passion for equality among men, it is patent to every unbiased mind that there is a passion for inequality—an instinct towards decisive individualism.

These questions will be revived by PROUDHON's last work, *La Révolution Sociale Démontée par le Coup d'Etat*, which LOUIS NAPOLEON has permitted to appear though his ministers forbade it. In a few days we shall have the work; and our readers may rely on being informed thereon.

The mention of this redoubtable athlete of Socialism reminds us that a re-issue of FOURIER's work on *The Passions of the Human Soul*, translated by Mr. MORELL, is about to appear in monthly parts, sixpence each.

LAMARTINE's sixth volume of the *Histoire de la Restauration*, though not the most interesting in matter, seems by far the most excellent in composition. It embraces the period from the execution of LABEDOYERE to the death of NAPOLEON at St. Helena. The narrative is full yet rapid; and the volume contains, among other things, a most curious and interesting paper hitherto unpublished, written by LOUIS XVIII., giving a private history of the agitations of a change of Ministry.

BETTINA is once more perplexing Germany with her calculated phantasies. Her *Gespräche mit Dämonen*, just issued, is dedicated to her old friend, the King of Prussia, who will not be the least puzzled of her readers, if he reads it. What the book means, let him answer who can discover!

BETTINA naturally brings the name of GOETHE to all minds, and Noo-dedom will hear, with compassionate surprise, that ADOLF STAHR has just written a book, *WEIMAR UND IENA*, proving that this so-called "cold" and "unpatriotic" poet was as much to be admired for his noble, human, loving nature, as for his poetic genius. The fact of ADOLF STAHR being an energetic democrat, gives greater force to his views in Germany, because there the democratic party has incessantly reproached GOETHE with his want of *their* ardour. It is true he shared none of their chimerical notions of equality. He insisted upon reverence for all superiority. "Real barbarism," he says somewhere, "consists in refusing to recognise the highest." That which CARLYLE calls Hero-worship will be found, in a mitigated form, constantly expressed by GOETHE; and with this Aristocracy, in the finest sense of the word, every rational democrat will sympathize.

AN AMERICAN THINKER.

Lectures and Miscellanies. By Henry James. Redfield: New York. It is so rare to meet with a book of real independent thought, that a reviewer has no more pleasing task than to announce the discovery to all friends. We do so now with Henry James's *Lectures and Miscellanies*, a small volume of sterling worth, expressing with eloquent sincerity thoughts which will set other minds thinking. When it is said that this writer is original, the originality thereby indicated must not be confounded with entire novelty. He has thought these thoughts for himself, not merely repeated them from others: higher praise one rarely has to give.

The *Lectures* are on Democracy and its issues, Property as a Symbol, Universality in Art, the Old and New Theology, and the Scientific Accord

of Natural and Revealed Religion. We will glance at their purport as briefly as we may.

On Democracy, Mr. James, though an American, (or, perhaps, *because* an American, and therefore capable of looking through the actual limitations and imperfections of political democracy,) speaks with wise appreciation of its purely negative, limited, and transitory, though necessary character. Instead of accepting it, as the mass of democratic politicians accept it, in the light of a final organization, he sees what we have so often expressed, that Liberty for Liberty's sake is anarchy, disease, dissolution; he sees that Democracy has only strength as a protest in the name of the Many against the government of the Few, a protest against Monarchy and Aristocracy; he sees that it is necessary as a revolutionary phasis, but incompetent as a constructive doctrine. "Democracy is not so much a new form of political life as a dissolution or disorganization of the old forms. It is simply resolution of government into the hands of the people, a taking down of that which has before existed, and a re-commitment of it to its original sources, but is by no means the substitution of anything else in its place." In a word, he sees that the final solution of the social problem cannot possibly be a *political* one.

It must not be inferred that he is insensible to the great part played by democracy, but

"The positive or constructive results, then, which I anticipate from Democracy, are of a moral or social character, rather than political. The benefits which it heralds for humanity, will lie not in the increased external splendour of a nation, but in the increase of just, amicable, and humane relations amongst all its members. In short, I look upon Democracy as heralding the moral perfection of man, as inaugurating the existence of perfectly just relations between man and man, and as consequently preparing the way for the reign of infinite love."

"This hope or confidence in Democracy is justified, you will perceive, by the fundamental meaning of the word. For Democracy means nothing more than the self-government of the people. Now, a capacity of self-government supposes in its subject a wisdom proportioned to his needs, and Democracy, therefore, implicitly attributes such wisdom to humanity. It supposes that men are capable of so adjusting their relations to each other, as that they will need no police or external force to control them, but will spontaneously do the right thing in all places and at all times. Thus Democracy really does contemplate a time when all coercion and restraint shall be disbursed in the conduct of human affairs, and when, consequently, every man will *freely* do unto others as he would have others do unto him."

And further on:—

"I am entirely persuaded that nothing but the persistent and ever enlarging operation of the Democratic principle, or what is the same thing, the destructive legislation now in progress, is requisite to inaugurate the divine life on earth, to bring about that great prophetic period to which all history from the beginning has tended, that everlasting Sabbath or rest which is to close in and glorify the brief but toilsome week of man's past experience. I have not the least hope in any constructive legislation towards this end. He who is familiar with the exquisite symbolism of the old Hebrew faith, knows with what formal sedulity every particular of the divine worship was prescribed, and how jealously every addition of human wisdom was barred and punished. This is but a type of the independence of our true and God-given life bears to all legislation, to all outward prescription. It is a life which descends from God out of heaven, the heaven of man's inward spirit. All its laws are summed up in the real presence of God in every individual soul. And as in Solomon's Temple, 'every stone was made ready before it was brought there, so that there was no sound of hammer nor of axe heard in the house while it was building': so is it with this new life of man which is even now dawning upon the earth. It will reject all noisy legislation or prescription. It will deny all outward authority. Being an inward life, flowing exclusively from within the subject, all it asks of the outward is to serve or obey it, by immediately ceasing to restrain or govern its outflow. Let this life finally become authenticated by society or the legislative power, it will soon shape the outward into the closest conformity with itself, making it teem with the affluent satisfaction of every human want."

That his thoughts point in the direction of No Government, whither Proudhon, Herbert Spencer, and others also tend, will startle only those unaccustomed to modern speculations. Everywhere the Police becomes less and less a faith with thinking men; and the necessity for "strong government" in the baser physical sense gets less recognition.

"The current scepticism in regard to the tendencies of human nature, proceeds upon the fallacy that a man's true wealth, the wealth he covets or prizes, is external to himself, consisting in the abundance of the things he possesses. The sceptic says that if you leave men free from police restraint, however well you may educate them, there will be no security for property. Of course then he believes that man values these outward possessions which we call property, above all things. There is no sheerer fallacy current than this. For the undue value men set upon this sort of possession now, grows out of its scarcity, grows out of the fact that so many are utterly destitute of it."

Here we have a bridge thrown across, whereon we may enter the field of speculation opened by his second lecture on Property as a Symbol. A philosophic socialist, he does not rail at property, but sees in it a significant fact. It is the symbol of man's power over Nature—the trophy of his conquest. Hence the respect it meets with.

"Every one knows the domineering nature of the sentiment of personal property. Even those who have never owned an acre or a dollar unclaimed by their physical necessities, confess the truth by their aspirations as much as their more lucky fellows do by their experience. And we all alike equally confess it by the involuntary homage we pay to rich men. I admit that I have been taught a great deal better. I admit that I should be very much ashamed to be caught toadying a rich man, and that I could say things on the baseness of such conduct which would really stir your blood. But all this is dramatic. I am acting a part, the part assigned me by public opinion. For in private, I feel an instinctive respect for property. It does in some mysterious but infallible way embalm the possessor, so that while my theory bids me defy him, I never come into his presence but with bated breath, and differ from him with painful reluctance. The treachery is universal. I have heard sermons on this subject which left no doubt on my mind that the preacher had completely conquered his natural weakness: but no, you have only to observe his daily intercourse with his flock to discover that it was the most

transparent talk only, and that the beautiful manners he described belonged to an entirely different world from this."

Property makes man a conqueror, a sovereign.

"Now Property as an institution of human society expresses or grows out of this instinct of sovereignty in man. While the instinct is as yet misunderstood or unrecognised by the individual, while its full issues are as yet unimaginable by him, society lends all her force to educate it under this form of an aspiration after property, or a desire to appropriate to oneself land, houses, money, precious stones, and whatsoever else evidences one's power over nature. From the beginning of history, society has known no other function than this, the conservation of the right of private property against the encroachments of merely natural might. Society is the bulwark which human instinct erects against the forces of outward nature. It is the weapon by which man subdues nature to himself, to the service of his proper infinitude. Look at the moral law for example which lies at the basis of society, and you immediately perceive that its operation is to impose limits upon natural desire, or forbid it invading the bounds of neighbouring property. It says to every man thou shalt not take, nor even desire or covet, anything that is thy neighbour's. Thus the moral law is nothing more nor less than an affirmation of the sacredness of private property. It virtually asserts an individuality in man superior to that conferred by his nature. Hence, as I said before, the sole function of society from the beginning has been to guard the interests of property, or elevate human life above the condition of a mere natural community, a mere community of natural interests.

"Let my meaning be clearly understood. I say that the entire aim and business of society hitherto has been to guard the interests of property, or to discriminate sharply between might and right. And I further say that the reason why society makes this discrimination, the reason why it has so jealously espoused the interests of private property, is, that property has always symbolized man's destined sovereignty over nature, of which sovereignty society or fellowship among men is the indispensable means or instrument. You all know that either of you individually would be totally incompetent to the subjugation of nature; that all your present enjoyment of its bounties, the food you eat, the raiment you put on, the house you live in, the streets and roads you traverse, the tools you use, the books you read, the words you employ for the expression of your feelings and thoughts, are all the outgrowth of an organized fellowship or society among men. You will easily understand me therefore when I say that man's destined sovereignty over nature can never come about except by society, that society or fellowship among men is its indispensable means, or instrument.

"Property then symbolizes this destined sovereignty. But here you may ask, 'why symbolizes it?' Why may not Property be a final fact itself, symbolizing nothing? You yourself showed a little while ago how universally men respected it: Why, therefore, should it not end in itself, having no ulterior significance?"

"The answer is plain. Men are *ashamed* of the respect they pay it. Property cannot be a final fact of history, cannot be a good in itself, cannot be a divine end in humanity, because every man, in proportion to his inward culture, in proportion to his genius, is ashamed of the deference he pays it. He feels this deference to be a mere trick of his servile and scullion nature, and inwardly or individually renounces it every time it recurs. The fact is that it is only among the lowest persons intellectually, persons in whom the sensuous imagination predominates, that you find any open profession of respect for it left. Among slaves, in fact among negroes as a class, and among the retainers of great families, in short among all persons in whom self-respect has never been developed or fostered, it still exerts an unrebuted dominion. But there it stops. No man of refinement allows it any indulgence.

"But there is another reason why private property cannot be considered a final fact of humanity. And this is that in proportion to its magnitude, it tends to belittle the possessor by overlaying his true sovereignty, his true humanitarian attributes.

"A man of very large possessions, unless he has come into them by inheritance, is almost wholly absorbed by them. Instead of being rendered free and careless, his life is a perpetual servitude. His whole energy becomes demanded by the care of his property, while he himself gradually lapses from unqualified manhood into the mere man of money. I believe from information that one of the richest men in town superintends the daily progress of his children in education, and reads Homer with his boys in the original. But he inherited his property. He who made it had notoriously little time for Homer, or any other elegant accomplishment. Now clearly no one can suppose that to be a final good, or a good in itself, which the more it is possessed becomes a burden to the possessor, and the more it is prized becomes a degradation to him.

"As a general thing therefore we may say, the larger the possessions the smaller the man. The more luggage a man has with him, the greater we may conclude is his distance from home. Hence Jesus of Nazareth, who alone in history has affirmed the essential divinity of man, not as a dogma but as a practical truth pregnant with incalculable consequences to the kingdoms of this world, staggered the fairest pretenders by his searching criticism. On one occasion, we find a young man adorned with every moral excellency fitted to attract the love of Jesus, presenting himself before him with a view to ascertain how he should achieve everlasting life. Jesus told him to sell all that he had, or to abandon all his possessions, and follow him. But the youth drew back sorrowful, because his possessions were very great. Whereupon the Christ uttered his famous reflection upon the difficulty those who were rich must encounter in entering the divine kingdom.

"Clearly they who stop in the letter here will be grievously mistaken. They who see no riches more dangerous than money, have yet to learn the alphabet of Christianity. It is not our pecuniary possessions but our moral ones chiefly, that play the traitor to our manhood. When I stand remarkably well with my fellows for piety and good morals, it is extremely hard for me to believe that the divine life will not pay a greater deference to me than to one who is completely destitute of such standing. But it is a great mistake, a mistake fatal to true manhood. Doubtless I deserve greatly better at the hands of society, of society as at present constituted, than my antagonist, because I support all her institutions. And society actually gives me my deserts, pronounces me an eminently good man. But if I thereupon suppose that this moral wealth of mine, extremely valuable as it may be for the maintenance of an imperfect social condition, is going to further my upward success, is going to give me any God-ward advantage over thieves and harlots, I simply mistake a fundamental feature of the divine perfection, which is to be thankful for nothing. The Deity gives us all things in giving *Himself* to us, in giving us a selfhood, and hence He takes it as a doubtful compliment when any

one attempts to eke out that gift, or make it more resplendent by the contrast of another's natural or moral infirmity."

The socialism he rather hints at than proclaims, is of a religious character, which would demand more space than we can afford to set forth intelligibly; let us rather glance at the way he disposes of the "envy" argument.

"The source of envy is always arbitrary privilege. It is always inflamed by some purely conventional superiority allowed one person over others. You never envy the power or genius of another; you envy him some special outward advantage or privilege he enjoys.

* * * * *

"In a true society or fellowship among men, then, envy would be impossible, because no arbitrary distinctions, no such thing as exclusive privilege, in which alone envy has its source, would exist. Why would not these things exist? Because a true society, a society scientifically organized, would confer no unequal property, no exclusive privilege upon its subjects. That is to say, a true society would guarantee to every man, woman, and child, for the whole term of his natural life, food, clothing, shelter, and the opportunities of an education adapted to his tastes; leaving all the *distinction* he might achieve to himself, to his own genius freely influencing the homage of his fellow men. Where society observed this wisdom, all envy would at once disappear. Its provender would be cut off. Remove the incitements it now finds in privilege, in arbitrary advantage, and you would no more see one man envious of another than you now see the nose envious of the ear, or the hand envious of the brain. In short let genius become the hierarchical principle, and constitute the sole measure of one's social distinction; and society would instantly become orderly. For genius (by which term all along you observe I mean nothing technical in man, but simply his power of ideal action, his faculty of acting without reference either to passion or appetite, and solely with reference to the infinite beauty, the infinite goodness and truth, which animates his soul) constitutes the real presence of God in man, and all men therefore acknowledge it with a spontaneous devotion."

We will conclude with one more passage:—

"A great dread besets the European mind, lest the people, in case of a successful insurrection against authority, should plunge into the maddest disorder, and sweep from the earth at one blow all the trophies and memorials of our past civilization. I cannot but believe that this fear vitally wrongs the popular instincts. There is doubtless a scum and froth of society attaching to both extremes, rich and poor alike, which is prone to every excess; but this would instantly disappear the moment that the true substantial manhood of both sides should be allowed to flow together in loving fraternity, by the destruction of the puny prejudices which now divide them. This scum, this froth, grows on either side out of this unhappy division. It attests the attrition of two forces which are essentially one and should know therefore no divided interests. It strikes me consequently that in any decisive uprising of the people, both sides alike would instantly unite to rid themselves of this factitious and disorderly element. The European revolution of 1848 indeed fully justified this prevision. The thief, or the destructionist of whatever sort, when refractory to counsel, was instantly shot down to show that the will of the people when freely expressed is the will of God, and tolerates no lower righteousness.

"But it seems to me that there can be no just apprehension of disorder in regard to the great mass of mankind, whether rich or poor. Property is universally felt to be a prime monument and measure of man's essential divinity, marking the extent of his conquest of nature. It is so much clear gain for mankind, so much actual advance upon primeval chaos and night. It is indeed very unscientifically distributed as yet, distributed in such a manner as to provoke incessant vice and crime: but this is because the symbol still absorbs the regard which is due only to the substance. Man's true *proprium* or property is his *selfhood*, is God within him, in other words, the inseparable fountain of his life. His natural *proprium* or apparent selfhood is simply a basis for the due manifestation of this essential one. Hence when human fellowship or society is perfect, our natural or external *proprium* will be commensurate with our inward or divine one; that is to say, the whole earth with all the resources of society will be the equal heritage of every man. Now property as a symbol or type is bound of course to obey the law of its antitype: is bound, that is, to become more and more equally distributed amongst the great mass of society. But clearly this is to be done only by the legislative application of scientific principles, and not by the brutal dissipation of the thing distributed."

We must reserve for a future article his Lectures on the Old and New Theology.

ARE THE STARS INHABITED?

Electricity and the Electric Telegraph; to which is added, The Chemistry of the Stars. By Dr. George Wilson. (The Traveller's Library.) Longman and Co. If the wisest of ancient philosophers could but take up this little volume, and understand its two essays (an *If* as immense in regard to intellectual distance as to distance in time), he would marvel indeed at the development of science in this "our wondrous mother age," and would recognise the truth contained in the noble lines—

"For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

The *Electric Telegraph*, the wonder of *applied* science, and the *Chemistry of the Stars*, one of the wonders of the inquisitorial intellect piercing into the dim remotenesses of space! But our present object is not to picture the elevated eyebrows of ancient philosophy. We wish to call attention to two popular and interesting essays, and more especially to that one which undertakes to answer the question of the universality of organic life. Dr. George Wilson is an eloquent and thoughtful writer, and his essay on the *Electric Telegraph*, which created a sensation on its first appearance in the *Edinburgh Review*, will be perhaps more generally appreciated than his essay on the *Chemistry of the Stars* (somewhat loosely named), which we now propose to notice.

It is difficult for man to relinquish the old notion of the universe being made subordinate to him, and made wholly *for* him. When science knew little more of the stars than that they were the gaslights as well as the "poetry of heaven," this notion of supremacy obtained ready credence. When science brought its telescopic revelations to show that

these species of light were masses immeasurably greater than our own globe, that notion received a shock ; it recovered itself, however, and suggested that probably these astral worlds were *also* inhabited—were the splendid theatres for the drama of human life. Against this suggestion Science emphatically pronounces. We do not know much of the constitution of the stars, but we know of certain conditions which altogether disprove the notion of the stars being proper theatres for organic life, understanding by the term “organic life,” anything analogous to what we know of it. Dr. George Wilson’s *Essay* undertakes to prove this. He takes an imaginary jury of common-sense men, bids them observe the differences, and draw their conclusions :—

“ Our twelve shall first cast a glance at our own solar system, and observe that no one of its planets has the same magnitude, inclination of axis, so far as that has been observed, density, time of rotation, or arrangement of orbit ; but that each, in nearly all these particulars, differs greatly from its brethren. They shall notice that several of the planets have no moons : that our Earth has one relatively very large one : Jupiter, four relatively small ones : Saturn, seven of greatly varying dimensions : Uranus, as is believed, six ; and Neptune, two or more. They shall see the splendid girdles which Saturn wears, and be warned that two at least of the moons of Uranus move from east to west, or in a direction opposite to that of their planet, and of all the other bodies of the solar system.

“ The enormous differences in the length of the planetary years shall startle them : that of Mercury, for example, being equal to about three of our months ; that of Neptune, to 164 of our years. The lesser, but marked diversities in the length of their days shall awaken notice, the Mercurial day being, like our own, twenty-four hours long, the Saturnine only ten. The variations in the amount of heat and light received from the Sun by each of its attendants shall not be forgotten ; Uranus, for example, obtaining two thousand times less than Mercury, which receives seven times more than the Earth. They shall also observe the extent to which the planets are subject to changes of season ; the Earth knowing its four grateful vicissitudes ; Jupiter knowing none ; whilst the winter in Saturn under the shadow of his rings is fifteen years long. All those unresembling particulars shall be made manifest to our observant twelve. Neither shall they be forgetful of those dissimilarities in relation to atmosphere, and perhaps to physical constitution, which astronomers have detected. When so much diversity has been seen to shine through the unity of the solar system, our twelve shall gaze forth into space, to see if all be sameness there. Sameness ! They shall discern stars of the first magnitude, stars of the second magnitude, of the third, of the fourth, of the seventh, down to points so small, even to the greatest telescopes, that the soberest of philosophers can devise no better name for them than star-dust ; and one of them declares ‘ that for anything experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the stars may be really infinite, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word.’ They shall find that the Dog-star is a sun, whose light has an intrinsic splendour sixty-three times greater than that of our own solar orb, and that he is not counted chief of the stars. They shall search in vain through the abysses for a system similar to our own, and find none, but perceive instead, multitudes of double-stars or twin suns, revolving round each other. They shall learn that there are triple systems of suns, and that there may be more complex ones ; and try to conceive how unlike our planetary arrangements must be the economy of the worlds to which these luminaries furnish light. They shall gaze at purple and orange suns, at blue and green and yellow and red ones ; and become aware of double systems where the one twin appears to be a self-luminous sun, and the other a dark sphere of corresponding magnitude, like a sun gone out, as if modern science would assign an exact meaning to Origen’s reference to ‘ stars, which ray down darkness.’ ”

And their verdict is this :—

“ ‘ There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial : but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars : star differeth from star in glory.’ To which verdict, we, for our part, understanding the words in their widest sense, will append our heartiest Amen.

“ The fulness of Him that filleth all in all is of its essence inexhaustible, as we perhaps best realize when all metaphor is set aside, and we reflect on the one quality that belongs to God’s attributes : namely, that they are Infinite. It is part of his kindness to us, that he never lets us lose sight of this great prerogative of his nature, but, alike by suns and by atoms, teaches us that his power and his wisdom have no bounds.

“ It cannot be that he reveals himself otherwise in the oceans of space. Were we privileged to set sail among the shining archipelagoes and starry islands that fill these seas, we should search like marvelling but adoring children for wonder upon wonder, and feel a cold chill of utter disappointment if the widest diversity did not everywhere prevail. The sense of Unity is an over-ruling power which never lyses aside the sceptre, and will not be disobeyed. We should not fear that it would fade away, nay, we know that it would stand forth mightiest when its kingdom seemed to have sunk under overwhelming diversity. Unity is in nature often nearest us exactly when variety seems to have put it furthest away. We are like the sailors of Magellan who first rounded the globe. Every day they sailed further as they reckoned from the place of their departure, and ploughed what seemed to them a straight line of increasing length, which had all to be retraced before their first harbour could be gained : but, behold, when they had sailed longest, and seemed furthest from home, they had the least to sail over, and were nearest to port. Exactly when hope of return was faintest were they called on to exclaim, like the Ancient Mariner, —

“ ‘ Oh dream of joy ! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see ?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this my own country ? ’ ”

“ A voyage through space would in like manner turn out to be a circumnavigation. We should set sail from Unity, and traverse the great circle of a universe’s variety till we came round to Unity again. The words on our lips as we dropt anchor would be, ‘ There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all.’ ”

We cannot follow Dr. Wilson through the series of illustrations of his essay, but content ourselves with the following :—

“ We should be blinded with the glare and burnt up if transported into Mercury, where the sun acts as if seven times hotter than on this earth ; and we should

shiver in the dark, and be frozen to death if removed to Uranus, where the sun is three hundred times colder than he is felt to be by us. To pass from Uranus to Mercury, would be to undergo in the latter exposure to a temperature some two thousand times higher than we had experienced in the former, whilst on this earth the range of existence lies within some two hundred degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

“ As for our satellite, Sir John Herschel says of it, ‘ The climate of the moon must be very extraordinary : the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine, fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost, far exceeding that of our polar winters, for an equal time.’ It would seem, then, that though all else were equal, the variations in amount of light and heat, would alone necessitate the manifestation of a non-terrestrial life upon the sun, and the spheres which accompany the earth in its revolutions around it. All else, however, is not equal. The intensity of gravity at the surfaces of the different heavenly bodies differs enormously. At the sun it is nearly twenty-eight times greater than at the earth. ‘ The efficacy of muscular power to overcome weight is therefore proportionally nearly twenty-eight times less on the sun than on the earth. An ordinary man, for example, would not only be unable to sustain his own weight on the sun, but would literally be crushed to atoms under the load.’ ‘ Again, the intensity of gravity, or its efficacy in counteracting muscular power, and repressing animal activity on Jupiter, is nearly two and a half times that on the earth, on Mars is not more than one-half, on the moon one-sixth, and on the smaller planets probably not more than one-twentieth ; giving a scale of which the extremes are in the proportion of sixty to one.’ ”

We have only further to add, that these Essays form the twenty-sixth Part of Messrs. Longman’s admirable and healthy series, the *Traveller’s Library*.

JERDAN’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Autobiography of W. Jerdan. With Literary, Political, and Social Reminiscences and Correspondence during the last Fifty Years. Vol. II.

Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.

It may be remembered that we were forced to speak with some severity of Mr. Jerdan’s former volume ; to be able to speak favourably of this, the second volume of his autobiography, would have given us unfeigned pleasure. We cannot do so. The slipshod garrulity, and utter worthlessness of this volume, surpass the mischievous twaddle of the first. He has really nothing to tell of any interest ; and what he tells is told in a style that could only make way by the momentum of serious matter. An accomplished writer would doubtless have given the slight materials here presented a form so agreeable as to lure the pleased reader unfatigued to the end. But Mr. Jerdan is not an accomplished writer ; he is no writer at all. The texture of his style is as loose, common-place, and inaccurate, as the thoughts they express. He does not write with the plain energetic directness of men who, having something to say, are careless of the manner of saying it ; nor with the vividness, precision, delicacy, and grace of the cultivated stylist, conscious of the charm that lies in the form. He writes like a penny-a-liner, and a bad one. Open at random : sentences like these “ jump into your eyes ” :—

“ He supposed that the Admiralty orders against making public the particulars of a Government expedition, were violated by some officer who was in duty bound by them ; and his resentment was warm. He suspected one individual, and pointed his ire against him and his claims, which merged in a widow and children, for he fell a victim to the climate.”

The dance of pronouns here would drive Dr. Dillworth to distraction. A few pages on we meet another specimen :—

“ At Little Chelsea, however, at my first occupancy, my proximate neighbour was the exiled Princess of Condé, with whom the Duchess d’Angoulême frequently stayed. The establishment was upon a very moderate scale, and the daughter of the murdered king of France dressed little better than a milkmaid, which rank indeed she much resembled in her form, and walking about in thick-soled boots.”

Occasionally, Mr. Jerdan flavours his common-place with an infusion of the Classics. He quotes Horace (but only the well-worn passages), and even ventures on a Latin adaptation of his own,—e.g., “ Henry Erskine and Lady Wallace, and all the raucous jests of their gay pastime are as if they had never been, sic transit facilia mudi ! ” He might as well have said *transiunt* while he was about it ; but the fastidious exigencies of grammar seldom trouble him !

The reader will not suppose we have quoted these passages for the purpose of making merry with them ; they are quoted as the writing of one who writes diatribes against the profession of Literature, and who preaches from the text of his own experience. He defends himself in a Prefatory Chapter, and with garrulous incoherence throughout the volume, from the charge which we, and others, brought against him, of having insulted Literature, by making it responsible for his misfortunes ; but his defence is as feeble as his allegations were misplaced. Our position in the dispute is simply this :—Literature may or may not be “ less profitable than felony,” and altogether in a pitiable condition ; but you, William Jerdan, have not the right to say so in respect of your personal fortunes ; it gave you money, it gave you friends, it gave you consideration far exceeding your literary merits ; and your complaint as a *personal* complaint is preposterous and insulting.

Let us turn from this unpleasant subject, and beg Mr. Jerdan, in future volumes, to think a little more of the substance of his chapters, to give us more matter of personal interest, more “ gossip ” even, so that it be amusing, and no more extracts from his own forgotten writings.

The present volume everyone must feel to be excessively meagre and “ made up.” To find a passage worth extracting is not easy, so we fall back upon anecdotes, not of the newest, though worth re-reading.

TALMA AND KEELEY.

“ Talma, soon after his return to Paris, where the playgoers were angry at his long absence, performed *Coriolanus* at the Théâtre Français ; and when he came to the line

Adieu, Rome ; je pars—
a sharp voice called out from the parterre,
Pour les départements—

which set the house in a roar (as much as a French audience can be made to laugh), and reconciled the opposition.

"I am told, by the by, that in America there is almost, at least in some parts of the Union, a similar fastidiousness and aversion to the outward and visible sign of being much entertained. It is told of one of our most comic actors, on his American tour, that he considered it the highest compliment paid to him in the country, when, one night after his performance, a representative of this class addressed him with, 'Well, stranger, I guess you had almost made me laugh at some of your nonsense.'"

PARR AND MACINTOSH.

"About the time of the trial of O'Quigley, who was hanged at Maidstone, for treason, in 1798, some articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, apparently reflecting on Fox. Dr. Parr read them, and was much displeased. He attributed them to Macintosh (not then Sir James) because they contained some literary criticism or remark which Parr thought he had communicated to Macintosh exclusively; in point of fact, he was wrong, as it turned out in the sequel that Macintosh had nothing to do with them; but while in the state of wrath which his belief that Macintosh was the author occasioned, he (Dr. Parr) and Macintosh dined together at the table of Sir William Milner, in Manchester-street, Manchester-square. In the course of conversation, after dinner, Macintosh observed, that 'O'Quigley was one of the greatest villains that ever was hanged.' Dr. Parr had been watching for an opening, and immediately said, 'No, Jemmy! bad as he was, he might have been a great deal worse. He was an Irishman; he might have been a Scotchman! He was a priest; he might have been a lawyer! He stuck to his principles—(giving a violent rap on the table)—he might have betrayed them!'

"The made up addition to this philippic, living only 'on the lip,' has converted the third branch into, 'He was a turncoat; he might have been a traitor!' Or, 'He was a traitor: he might have been an apostate.'

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

Biography of Dr. Sheridan Muspratt, F.R.S.E. By a London Barrister-at-Law. And a third edition of the *Influence of Chemistry on the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdom*. By Dr. Sheridan Muspratt. Churchill.

Has Dr. Sheridan Muspratt no friends, or have they no influence over him, that such a publication as this can have been suffered? It will more seriously damage him in the estimation of all, without his circle, who may chance to read it, than the discovery of a dozen sulphites would elevate him. Could he but be aware of the impression it produces he would instantly suppress the book. Men of the "titanic energy" here claimed can do without such trumpet blowing.

History of the Christian Church in the Second and Third Centuries. By James Amiaux Jeremie, M.D. J. J. Griffin and Co.

The Free Church of Christendom and its Subjugation under Constantine. By Basil A. Cooper. A. Cockshaw.

Neander's General History of the Christian Religion and Church. Translated by I. Torry. Vol. 7. (Bohn's Standard Library.) H. G. Bohn.

THESE three volumes of ecclesiastical history, each of which would require very long articles to treat fittingly, we group together, that in a sentence we may direct the attention of such readers as are specially interested in the subjects. Dr. Jeremie's volume on *Church History* is a reprint from the *Encyclopaedia Metropolitana*, the various treatises in which are now in course of separate publication. It presents, in a compact form, a distinct orthodox survey of the diffusion of Christianity and the history of the Church and its heresies during the first three centuries. An index is added. The volume of Mr. Basil Cooper, on the *Free Church of Ancient Christendom*, embraces the same period, but is written with another purpose, having an eye to modern nonconformity. It is graphic and erudite. But we have to complain of a serious omission—there is no index! The third volume is Neander's exhaustive *Church History*, the seventh volume embracing the period from Gregory VII. to Boniface VIII., i.e. from the year 1073 to 1294; a work we have so often characterized that nothing remains to be said.

The Physician's Holiday; or, a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M.D. Third Edition. W. S. Orr and Co.

VERY apropos is this pleasant and useful book. Now men are throwing off the accumulated *ennui* and *paleness* of a London season; now they pack up for a breath of fresh air and a gulp of health; and now Dr. Forbes's account of his walking tour in Switzerland will say to many, "Go thou and walk likewise." It is an agreeable book to read—a valuable book as a prescription to invalids. The minute practical information it contains will make it as indispensable as a *Murray* to travellers in Switzerland.

Bogue's Guides for Travellers.—I. Belgium and the Rhine. With Maps and Plans. D. Bogue.

MR. BOGUE here issues the first of a series of Guide Books to rival Murray. The plan is new, and *seems* a good one: experience only can decide as to its merits. It is cheaper than Murray, and very considerably more *portable*.

Pictures of Life at Home and Abroad. By Albert Smith. Bentley.

WELL worth a place in Bentley's *Shilling Series* were these random, rollicking sketches, very funny, very fast, and sometimes very melodramatic, thrown off by Albert Smith in the rare intervals—brief yet pregnant—which he snatches from the laborious composition of his great work, *The Geology of the Glaciers*, soon we hope to be laid before the scientific world. To the general reader that work will, it is probable, be *caviare*; he had better, therefore, fall back upon the *Pictures of Life*.

Bohn's Standard Library—Neander's Church History. Vol. VII. H. G. Bohn. *Annals and Legends of Calais.* By R. B. Calton. J. R. Smith. *Links in the Chain of Destiny: a Poem in various Verse.* By Ronald Campbell.

Caprices et Zigzags. Par Theophile Gautier. 85, Newman-street. W. Jeffs. *Readable Books—Nile Notes of a "Howadji," or, the American in Egypt.* By G. W. Curtis.

Dr. Thomson's Travels in Western Himalaya and Tibet. H. Vizetelly. *The Advocate.* By E. W. Cox. John Crookford. *British Quarterly Review.* Jackson and Walford. *The Reasoner.* Part LXVII. J. Watson.

Infanthood and Childhood: a Popular Guide to its Management and Treatment. By Jacob Dixon. Houston and Stoneman.

The Autobiography of William Jerdon. Vol. II. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. *Specimens of Old Indian Poetry.* By R. T. H. Griffith. Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. *Bohn's Classical Library—Satires of Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia, and Lucilius.* By Rev. Lewis Evans.

Portfolio.

We should do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, for the Useful encourage itself.—*GOETHE.*

LETTERS OF A VAGABOND.

P R E L U D E.

Bordeaux, September 27, 1851.

DEAR FRIENDS OF MY THOUGHTS,

YOU will see by the date how far I have come in my pilgrimage away from the sacred spot; and I have to tell you for your solace that I am as well in body as I am in mind and heart. If you are hurt, seek the winds and the waters, seek humanity in the changeable countenance of many climes—seek vicissitude; and note how, through many discords, the hand of the Divine Master modulates the great theme of the world, ever resolving it into new harmonies. If the sufferer can rise above the level of his own home, like the crane, and call into his view the ever-varying surface of the sea of fortune, he shall see that the law under which he has been cast down is but the same law which raises all into life, which sustains the universe. Life and love never die; and exiled for a time from happiness, we may at least go forth and witness what we cannot share, or share only through witnessing. There is no unredeemed misery save the loss of the capacity to love—the sinking beneath into meanness and unfaith; for love can survive bereavement, but it cannot survive the loss of generosity. I am stronger in heart than when I left Val Perduta.

I have had no letters from America, and do not expect to find any until I get to Paris; but I am sure that Julie cannot reach London before April, and if she follow my counsel, I shall not see her before May: as she has remained so long, she had better wait for the spring weather.

When I wrote to you from Lugano, and also from Geneva—my letters have been as irregular as my path or as my thoughts—I forgot to explain that which you, Giorgio, have received long before this one, from the worthy Baldassare Cini. I dare say he may have told you enough to forestall my story, but he will not have told you what I saw, at all events not as I saw it. You see how soon I encountered adventure on my way from Val Perduta. I had been sleeping near the river, just as it escaped from a ravine, beyond which I could discern a pretty lake-like expansion—for the days were still hot, and I know not what awoke me. Certainly not the stinging hum of insects; nor, as certainly, the persons I saw, for they made no noise. Just as I awoke I saw a young girl come down to the edge of the water, at a place where the bank dipped near to the surface, and a small coppice of underwood filled the hollow. She did not see me, although her face was towards me; no one would have looked just where I had found shelter from the sun, under the rock and the shade of an old vine, the relic of cultivation when the whole country was richer than it is now. Her look made me notice something floating on the water, which I discerned to be the black head of a man, whose bright shoulders glistened in the sun and the glancing water as he swam rapidly towards the place where she stood. She was already leaning forward, and she leaned more and more, until he rose from the stream, brilliant and agile, like a noonday Leander, into some cloak which she had brought to receive him. She fell into his arms, and then, after a few kisses, so passionate that I loved the two for being so happy, she turned for him to lead her from the water.

I have kept for you two the drawing which I made from recollection of that strange and beautiful group; only that I was not near enough to do justice to it. The youth, who was nearest to me, was holding one hand of the girl's, his left arm round her waist, his head, with the black curls parting upon his white neck, stooping down; his draped body, like a living statue, moving with the lithe grace of perfect youth. Although he moved gently, every movement of his figure was eloquent of vigour and agility. Her figure I could not so well see; but her red bodice glanced behind his sharply-defined and brilliant shoulder. And so they walked on the brown dried grass, beneath the blue sky, and were passing among the green shrubs.

At that moment, emerged two men, one of whom made a glistening blow at the young man.

The lovers separated as if by instinct; the girl drew aside, and the youth, still unharmed, dashed off up the hill—the cloak parting from him like a sail from the storm-pressed ship.

I could not paint that—the headlong fleetness with which he ran, bounding and skimming along the broken ground; a glowing, flying statue, bright against the green and brown of the foliage; now chasing his shadow in the full glow of the broad sunshine, now glancing between the straggling trees and vines. I had already conceived a sympathy for the young Leander; and I rose up to interfere, resolved at least to counterbalance the odds against him. But my good purpose was his misfortune. At the sight of me coming steadily in front of him, he instinctively paused, as if discovering a new pursuer, and then turned aside. But brief as it had been, the pause was sufficient for disaster. One of the men came up with him, something bright again gleamed for a second in the sun, and the young man fell. He rose again, and ran a few paces, but the second

man now intercepted him ; and I believe the two would have made short work of it, if I had not come up.

It was evident that each party took me for an enemy, or at least viewed me with suspicion. The younger man staggered, and then leaned, pale, but firm, against the trunk of an old olive. The brothers, for such the other two evidently were, still kept guard with their knives, but stood to see what I should do. I now observed that the young man was bleeding from an ugly wound at the top of his arm. I scarcely noticed it at the time, but afterwards I recalled the aspect of his undraped figure as he leaned against the dark trunk of the tree, in an attitude of proud resignation ; his arms folded, one leg thrown across the other, his slender yet full and rounded form falling as naturally as possible into an action that every painter might have envied, very few could have copied.

While we stood at the first moment looking at each other, each uncertain of the rest, the young girl, whom we seemed all of us to have forgotten, rushed from behind me, and throwing her arms round the youth, burst into a passion of grief. The two brothers angrily advanced to tear her away ; but as the youth, forgetting his wound, past his bleeding arm round her, to sustain and protect her, I put in a few words, of which perhaps the reasonable tone struck them rather than the import ; and with an air of deference that did not chill the fervour and torrent of their eloquence, they began, both together, to tell me the occasion of their wrath. I need not, if I could, repeat all they said ; but I soon understood the case. The young man was the lover of the girl, their sister, whose father had forbidden him to marry her ; but he would not desist from his suit, and taking advantage of their repose in the heat of the day, he had come by a short and safe cut, swimming down the river, to visit his Hero. Their honour fired up, and they had resolved to avenge it with his blood.

When they had said their say, Leonardo, starting forward, and putting his hand on the lips of Beatrice to silence her, gave me his version of the story—how his father had refused because the brothers Cini were not rich enough ; how he should be able in time to overcome his father's objection, and to make him consent ; how he had never deceived either Beatrice or the brothers, but could not live without her. "He was *so* good!" cried Beatrice, apologetically. "And I loved her!" added he, as a final and sufficient statement of the whole affair. I took no note of it at the moment, but I could not help smiling afterwards to think of that strange group, surrounding a youth in so statuesque a costume, while most eloquently yet artlessly, explained his family affairs to a strange traveller, whom all seemed tacitly to adopt as the final referee and umpire. Could it have been possible to present that living picture to an audience in Paris or London, how striking might it have been ; but it would have needed the hand of Raphael and of Titian, the eloquence of Ariosto, and the fervour of Rossini, even for the highest art to approach that artless original. Such is life, when it grows under a genial sun, and is unspoiled. The earnestness of his appeal not only made Leonardo's full eyes sparkle under his black curls, and brought the rich blood into his brown and almost girlish cheek, but drew forth the blood afresh from his cut, and suddenly turning pale from his brow to his very feet, he leaned faintly upon Beatrice. She supported him on her shoulder, with one arm clasping him, and the other hand holding his arm ; while she looked around at all of us, silently and proudly, as though she accepted the situation and claimed the rights which it conferred. The vehement tumult, which had stolen all our memories, subsided. We took Leonardo gently from her, and set him down on the ground, with his back to the tree, the two brothers helping as tenderly as any ; while I went to fetch the cloak where it lay forgotten, and gave it to Beatrice ; who kneeled down to wrap it round her lover, first kissing the wound. This reminded me of another duty ; and taking out a handkerchief, I tied up the arm sufficiently for the nonce, and then looked around to know what we should do ?

The two brothers disappeared, but presently they returned with a sort of litter hastily made ; and placing him on it, they carried him to their own house. We said little on the way ; but more than once Beatrice, turning to me, her face smiling in tears, and beaming with doting delight, exclaimed, "Ma quanto è bello!"—["But how beautiful he is!"]

And beauty, thought I, is an element of loveableness, especially in the young. Beatrice herself seemed to me eminently loveable in that regard. How happy they might be together !

We did not say much then ; but that evening I stayed with them, and we talked enough to settle certain affairs for a whole life. I found a means of soothing their pride towards Leonardo's father ; and Baldassare Cini brought you that letter, the result of our talk. I count upon you, my dear Giorgio, to make good my promises. In Baldassare, with his square though spare Roman form, you will see that Leonardo had no mean combatants to encounter ; for Paolo is a very duplicate of Baldassare. However, it did not need my aid to soften their hearts, for that had already been done ; and I believe that the wound hurt Baldassare, who gave it, more than Leonardo who received it. I hardly think Beatrice regretted it : to have Leonardo by her ; to make his wound the pretext for unceasing little solicitudes ; to call upon me for a share in her delight—these were worth the pain and fear which she had suffered. At last she fell asleep on his unthrust shoulder. Looking at her with a fond delight only equalled by her own, he burst forth into a love serenade, at first subdued and murmuring, but afterwards ringing loud and full, with a voice so sweet that it made the naked walls of the humble saloon vibrate again without startling

sleep. I never heard a more lovely voice ; and as he dwelt on the tender pulsing accents, the brothers and I sat in manifest delight, which his own countenance reflected. For the rogue knew the power of his voice, and took a pride in subduing the angry brothers more and more to his friendship.

Next morning I had some difficulty in tearing myself away, especially from Beatrice, who clung to me like a child parting from its mother. But at last Paolo helped Leonardo to drag her back ; and kissing her on the forehead, as they held her up to me, I followed Baldassare, who accompanied me as far as the main road, and then we parted ; he for you with my unintelligible letter, and I on my longer journey.

As I rode on alone, I retraced the whole scene, noting many things that I had before passed over. "In Italy," says Alfieri, "the plant, *Man*, grows to its utmost perfection ;" and I agree with him. The genius of music, of painting, of poetry, is in the very blood and organization of the race. They are what their great artists pourtray. Life with them attains its full, and nothing checks it ; for never was there a race more simple. Moralists might desire to teach Baldassare better instruments of domestic regulation than the knife ; to teach Leonardo more regular modes of courtship than to visit his affianced at noon-day in swimming costume ; to teach Beatrice a more decorous consciousness of the garments which he had left behind, than of his devotion, his danger, and more than all, of his beauty ; they might desire to teach her better manners than the open, fond exclamation—"How beautiful he is!" But I doubt whether the constraint would not have marred their aptness for the enjoyment of existence ; and certain I am that a land of living art must be a land of strong emotions, of unconstrained manners, and of artless expression. Without Lionardos for model, Raphael could not have painted, Ariosto could not have written, nor Rossini sung.

COMTE'S POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY.

BY G. H. LEWES.

PART XVIII.—*Vital Dynamics: Instinct and Intelligence. Conclusion.*

THE study of Animal Life starts as we have seen from the localization of the two capital properties—Contractility and Sensibility—in two fundamental tissues—the muscular and nervous. How little this fundamental position is understood by the majority of Biologists may be gathered from the fact, that while most of Bichat's successors have believed Contractility to be a property of all the tissues, differing only in degrees of intensity, even the writers of the present day are divided on the question. In the last edition of *Quain's Anatomy*, the editors modified their opinion during the progress of the work through the press ; at first inclining to the belief that contractility had been observed where no muscular fibres could be traced, and only giving up that opinion in obedience to more recent and conclusive experiments. That Contractility is the special property of a special tissue is the final result of the most recent investigations. I refer the reader to Todd and Bowman's *Physiological Anatomy* for ample evidence ; meanwhile, here is one important fact : Muscular tissue is composed of Fibre and Fibre in the blood, immediately after coagulation, manifests contractility.

The Positive nature of this conception will be better appreciated by seeing how even so excellent a physiologist as Dr. Carpenter, while virtually accepting it, does, nevertheless, wander into the Metaphysical path, and give us a vague expression where precision was so needful. "Various attempts," he says, "have been made to show that the contraction of Muscle is an electrical phenomenon ; but no proof has been given that such is the case ; and every probability seems to be in favour of its being *one of the manifestations of the Vital Force.*" What business this mysterious entity, Vital Force, has here, only Metaphysician could imagine. The positive thinker, using the term Vital Force as the generalized expression of all the properties of organic beings, must conclude, that it is reasoning in a circle to call contractility "one of the manifestations of the Vital Force ;" whereas, by calling it the special property of special tissue, he does no more than record observed facts ; and should at any future time contractility be resolved into an electrical phenomenon, that discovery will leave the speciality unaltered, since the special manifestation of electricity, known as muscular contraction, will always remain associated with a special tissue known as the muscular tissue.

It may be said, therefore, that in the perfect correspondence of the two ideas of Tissue and Property, a positive basis is given to Biology.

We are as yet but on the threshold of this science. The minute researches of thousands of inquirers are still necessary before some of the most capital problems can be solved ; but the whole history of science tells us with what accelerated rapidity discoveries are made when once the right Method is thoroughly followed. Nature answers if we but know how to question. Her treasures are open if we know where to look. Philosophy is the "interrogation" of Nature ; and the man who can put a distinct question, has gone more than half way to the answer.

Motion and Sensation are the two capital functions of Animal Life. We have only to consider either of them a moment to be aware of the immensity there is still to be done before these processes are reduced to scientific law. Of Muscular actions, for example, some are notoriously *voluntary*, some *involuntary*. Those broad distinctions are as perceptible as the distinctions between a Plant and an Animal. But as on closer inspection it

is difficult to draw the lines of demarcation between plants and animals, so, also, is it to ascertain precisely what actions are voluntary, and what involuntary. To take a striking example: when you hurt a frog's foot, and the frog leaps away, and leaps as often as you irritate it,—does not this seem clearly a case of voluntary action? It is not, however—at least not always, if ever; it is no more voluntary than your winking when a hand is passed rapidly before your eyes. I must ask you to accept this paradoxical assertion; for to prove it would require an examination of the nervous system quite beyond the limits of these articles.

Not only are the voluntary actions difficult to be demarcated from the involuntary, but there arises a further complication, inasmuch as actions which, in early life, are perfectly beyond control of the will, become afterwards so completely controllable, within certain limits, as to deserve the name of voluntary. The excretory actions, for example, are, in infancy and certain diseases, wholly involuntary; yet, by the influence of habitual resolution, they become voluntary actions. On the other hand, Dr. Carpenter luminously explains what, after Hartley, he calls "secondary automatic actions," viz., those actions which were at first performed voluntarily, requiring a distinct effort of the will for each, and become, by repetition, so far independent of the will, that they are performed when the whole attention of the mind is bestowed elsewhere.*

Besides those actions that are automatic or involuntary, there is a class of actions I should be disposed to further distinguish as Organic, under which would range the Instinctive. Who, that has watched mothers with their children, has not been struck with the remarkable sameness of their deportment, even to their very tricks and caresses? Who has not noticed how all children play alike? They use the same muscular varieties, throw themselves into the same complicated postures, following the same routine. These, of course, depend on the identity of Organization; and they form a proper introduction to the study of the more special actions, named *instincts*. These instincts are also dependent on organization: they are the functions of the organism. But metaphysicians, as usual, insist upon adding to the mystery of instinct a mysterious entity, to explain it. They range all these organic actions under a general term—Instinct, and then convert that general term into an abstract entity, which fulfils, in the zoological world, a function analogous to that of Mind, in the human world. This implanted mystery—this shadowy semi-spiritual entity—named Instinct, has long been discussed by puzzled Metaphysicians, who, denying to Animals the possession of Mind, solve all difficulties by a jugglery of words. The positive biologist sees in it a mystery indeed, and a mystery inexplicable, but not more so than any other organic phenomenon; and, true to his principle of only occupying himself with *laws*, irrespective of essential causes, he treats it as a branch of human physiology—a rudimentary reason.

Much has to be done in this direction. It has occurred to me that some correspondence will be discovered between the *unstriped, involuntary* muscles and instinct, on the one side, and *striped, voluntary* muscles and intelligence, on the other. That is to say, the greater complexity of structure gives rise to a corresponding variety of power. De Blainville gives this definition, *L'instinct est la raison fixe; la raison est l'instinct mobile*;—or, as the author of *The Vestiges* expresses it, "the same faculty in the one case *definite*, in the other *indefinite* in its range of action;" which accords with what I just said. Moreover, if you consider that Instinct and intelligence are both functions of the brain, you will be prepared to find the differences to arise from greater complexity of structure.

After the Instinctive Actions, we pass onwards to the study of the special Senses, as a preliminary to that of Intelligence; and here let me introduce Comte's criticism on one point of this investigation. "The only point in Method which can be regarded as scientifically established, is the order according to which the various kinds of sensation ought to be studied, and those notions have been furnished by comparative anatomy rather than by physiology. It consists in classing the senses according to their increasing speciality, beginning with the universal sense, that of *contact*, and successively considering the four special senses, taste, smell, sight, hearing. This order is determined by the analysis of the animal hierarchy, since those senses must be held to be most special, and more elevated, in proportion as they disappear in the descending scale. It is remarkable that this gradation corresponds exactly with the importance of each sense, if not in respect of intelligence, at any rate in respect of sociability. One must note, moreover, the luminous distinction of Gall, between the passive and active states of each special sense. And an analogous consideration leads me to distinguish the senses themselves into active and passive, according as their action is essentially voluntary or involuntary. This distinction seems to me very marked between the senses of sight and hearing; the latter operating without our participation, and even in spite of it; the former requiring, to a certain degree, our participation. It seems to me that the more profound though more vague influence exercised over us by music, compared with painting, arises, in a great measure, from this diversity."

From the Senses we pass to Intelligence, or the "positive study of the cerebral functions intellectual and moral." And here I feel that Positive Philosophy demands a modification of Comte's Classification, and instead

of considering Psychology as a mere branch of Physiology, we ought to insert between Biology and Sociology another fundamental science, Psychology. I am glad to be able to cite John Mill on this point, as a balance against the authoritative weight of Auguste Comte. After alluding to Comte's objections to Mind as the object of observation, he says:—

"But, after all has been said which can be said, it remains uncontested by M. Comte and by all others, that there do exist uniformities of succession among states of mind, and that these can be ascertained by observation and experiment. Moreover, even if it were rendered far more certain than I believe it as yet to be, that every mental state has a nervous state for its immediate antecedent and proximate cause, yet every one must admit that we are wholly ignorant of the characteristics of these nervous states; we know not, nor can hope to know, in what respect one of them differs from another; and our only mode of studying their successions or coexistences must be by observing the successions and coexistences of the mental states of which they are supposed to be the generators or causes. The successions, therefore, which obtain among mental phenomena, do not admit of being deduced from the physiological laws of our nervous organization; and all real knowledge of them must continue, for a long time at least if not for ever, to be sought in the direct study, by observation and experiment, of the mental successions themselves. Since, therefore, the order of our mental phenomena must be studied in those phenomena, and not inferred from the laws of any phenomena more general, there is a distinct and separate Science of Mind. The relations, indeed, of that science to the Science of Physiology must never be overlooked or undervalued. It must by no means be forgotten that the laws of mind may be derivative laws resulting from laws of animal life, and that their truth therefore may ultimately depend upon physical conditions; and the influence of physiological states or physiological changes in altering or counteracting the mental successions, is one of the most important departments of psychological study."

I think, however, that Comte is better met on his own ground; and if any one will turn to the article on Organic Chemistry, (part XIII.,) and consider the arguments which force a repudiation of the encroachment of Chemistry into the proper domain of Biology, he will see how irresistibly they apply to this encroachment of Biology into Psychology. The analogy seems to me complete. Biology is separated from Chemistry, not because there is any essential distinction between organic and inorganic matter, but because there is so wide a distinction between the phenomena; in like manner, I would separate Mind from Life, not because there is any essential (noumenal) separation—(the former is but the out-growth of the latter)—but because the phenomena of Thought are *special*; they are not the same as the phenomena of Life. Organic matter is simply a higher degree of complexity of inorganic matter—which special degree causes a speciality in the phenomena. So Thought is but a higher degree of Life, its speciality creating special phenomena. Comte proposes this test whereby the chemist may distinguish whether a problem truly belongs to his domain:—Can the problem be solved by the application of chemical principles alone, without the aid of any consideration of physiological action whatever? I put the same test to the Biologist, who certainly will not pretend to solve many psychical problems upon physiological principles. If the Organic world is to be separated from the Inorganic, then on the same grounds we must separate the Psychical from the Physiological.

I propose, therefore, to keep the Physical Sciences as Comte arranges them; and to introduce a new fundamental science—Psychology—as the basis of Sociology; that is to say, I begin the Science of Humanity with a preliminary Science of Human Nature.

And here ends the first division of my difficult task. The exposition having reached this point, I will pause for a week or two, and recommence the new series with the hope that, having passed through the abstruser and more abstract considerations of sciences with which the "general reader" is less familiar, when I come to the great moral, intellectual, and social questions, I shall gain a more interested audience.

In reviewing the great field of scientific speculation we have toiled through, no one can fail to be struck with the greatness of conception and philosophic insight there displayed. Had Comte written nothing but these three volumes, his name would rank among the very greatest philosophers; but in truth these volumes are but the Prolegomena to a Philosophy which forms the basis of a Religion; and here I will borrow the language of an admirable review of Comte in the *Christian Examiner*, (March, 1851,) which the reader is urged to get possession of:—

"The three volumes thus cursorily noticed are, as we have said, simply introductory. They contain many admirable views (if they may not be called treatises), critical and historical, of the special sciences, and furnish probably the most able and complete exposition to be found of their several processes and results. Still, his province hitherto is mainly critical and expository, rather than constructive. He is labouring, so to speak, in other men's fields. Henceforth, the ground he is to occupy is his own. He enters upon it in a masterly manner, and works in it, to do him justice, with a steady step, a thorough oversight, and a strong and skillful hand. Once allow for the speciality of his position, and the whole becomes eminently instructive and valuable. Hardly a page or a line is without its fertile suggestion, and its traces of close and profound thought. He proposes in his way to answer the whole great problem that weighs upon the mind and destiny of Europe; and he addresses himself to the task with all the gravity, earnestness, and concentrated strength, which become a man feeling himself as it were alone, and speaking on so transcendently great a matter. And, still to do him justice, there is an apparent good faith, a strong sense of morality, a humanity amounting at times to tenderness, a force of conviction that, though he may not be heard now, he is yet saying what men must some time listen to, and what they will be inevitably compelled to accept and apply,—which put him in most favourable comparison with any purely *ethical* writer whom we know. For breadth and minuteness of view, no statement is superior to his of the condition of things under which he writes. For largeness of intellectual grasp, and steadiness of conception and development,

* I cannot too strongly recommend the reader to the whole of Chapter XX. of Carpenter's *Principles of Comparative Physiology*, 3rd edition.

we know not where to find anything more impressive than his statement of the whole intellectual and social problem, as gradually unfolded and brought down to us, by the entire course of the history of mankind."

In terminating this series, I may as well close the subscription-list of the *Comte Fund*. In case any readers should desire to add to it, I will keep it open till the end of this month, after which I must close it.*

The Arts.

SIGNOR NEGRINI.

The appearance of Signor Negrini, so long delayed, took place on Tuesday, and did not make the audience deeply regret the delay. He is one of the "robustious" tenors: a man after Verdi's own heart. What voice he may once have had has been screamed away, or nearly so. How noticeable it is that all the singers who have come from Italy of late, heralded by great reputations, have one and all turned out failures, and failures from the same screaming cause! No one seems to think of *singing*; it is all declamation and *hysterica passio*.

I may as well point, in passing, to the illustration this affords of what I said some weeks ago on the Meyerbeer school, and its tendency to make the opera subordinate to theatrical effects: as the composers sacrifice music to effects, so do the actors sacrifice singing to declamation.

VIVIAN.

PIETRO IL GRANDE.

The immense choral and orchestral, as well as scenic preparations, have deferred the appearance of *Pietro il Grande* at Covent Garden. Jullien is not the man to stake his reputation on imperfect rehearsals, though at

* I have to acknowledge the receipt of a further subscription of 3s. from H. C.

WINE OF MALT.—Among the vast number of testimonials that appear in favour of Allsopp's Ale, it is remarkable that only one of them supplies the long-felt deficiency of a popular definition of this unique production of Burton-upon-Trent. Others have very minutely examined its medical, sanatory, and nutritive properties; and, what is rather unusual with professors of chemistry, or of the healing art, give undoubted evidence of its superiority as a daily beverage, founded upon long personal and other familiar experience. It was, however, left to the Sanitary Commissioner of the *Lancet* to impart a social influence, also, to the use of Allsopp's Ale. Summing up its excellence in the single terse expression of "Wine of Malt." As the result of his own analysis, he declares, that "From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present and the very considerable quantity of aromatic amylous bitter, derived from hops, contained in these beers, they tend to preserve the tone of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ, when in a state of weakness or debility." And then conclusively adds, that "These bitter beers differ from all other preparations of malt in containing a smaller amount of extractive matter, thus being less viscid and saccharine, and consequently more easy of digestion; they resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a *wine of malt*, rather than an ordinary fermented infusion, and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is *entirely* free from every kind of impurity." With such tangible testimony as this we shall not be surprised if our importations of wines from the German rivers, and the French and Spanish ports, are materially affected by a natural preference for our native supply of "wine of malt" from Burton-upon-Trent.—*Globe*.

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GUTTA PERCHA TUBING.—Many inquiries having been made as to the durability of this tubing, the Gutta Percha Company have pleasure in drawing attention to the following letter, received

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"Office of Works, Woburn Park, Jan. 10, 1852.

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this late moment of the season he can scarcely hope that the forthcoming performances will do complete justice to a work of such high pretensions. They will be little better than full rehearsals. But the opera will be "mounted," and, we trust, ready for a long and brilliant career next year, when the *Maestro*, with all his honours thick upon him, will be reaping fresh laurels beyond the Atlantic. Nothing has been wanting on the part of Mr. Gye to sustain the first great effort of Jullien; and, no doubt, the immense outlay will be well repaid. Even at a time when "all the world" is out of town, we have reason to believe that "all the world" will be present at this "solemnity," and, among others, a number of distinguished continental *virtuosi*, intent upon the discovery of that rare phenomenon, a new composer. *Pietro* is announced *positively* for Tuesday next.

Z.

THE GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA.

A MOVING panorama of the Australian gold districts, with a few separate pictures in the series, has been opened at 309, Regent-street. The picture is well painted, by Mr. J. S. Prout, from his own sketches taken in the country; with aid in the marine parts from Mr. T. S. Robins; in the animals, by Mr. C. Weigall. The spectator is supposed to begin the voyage at Plymouth; to touch at Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and the Cape of Good Hope; passing on the way, Tenerife, and the Island of St. Paul. Many of the usual incidents of the voyage are seen,—the flights of birds, and flying fish; the disporting of dolphins; even the capture of a whale is brought in. Arrived in Australia, the shifting scene comprises, Melbourne, the Valley of the Yarra-Yarra, the Valley of the Goulburn, Geelong, an Australian road, the diggings at Mount Alexander, a Kangaroo hunt on the Illawarra, Sydney, the Parramatta river, the Blue Mountains, and the diggings on Summer Hill creek. The effect is aided by an oral explanation. The stay-at-home traveller, and the "intending emigrant," are really able to collect from this picture some idea of the voyage, the country, and the actual state of affairs at the diggings.

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AT AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the HOPE LIFE ASSURANCE and HONESTY GUARANTEE SOCIETY, duly convened, and held within their Offices, No. 4, Princes-street, Bank of England, on Wednesday, the 21st July, 1852, at the hour of One o'clock—

HENRY MORGAN VANE, Esq., in the Chair,

It was unanimously Resolved—

That henceforth the number of Directors shall be increased from ten to twelve, and that

Henry Philip Hope, Esq., Official Assignee, District Bankruptcy Court, Leeds, and Dr. Thomas Wheelwright, M.D., of Lower Phillimore-place, Kensington, London, be elected Members of the present Board.

It was proposed by John Stewart, Esq., seconded by James Cobbett, Esq., and unanimously resolved—

That the best thanks of the members are due and hereby sincerely accorded to the Board of Directors and General Manager, for the unparalleled success which has accrued to the Society by their judicious and zealous management.

It was proposed by Edward Johnson, Esq., M.D., seconded by John Shove, Esq., and carried by acclamation.

That the warm acknowledgments of this meeting be made to H. M. Vane, Esq., the Chairman of the Board of Management, for the very able, lucid, and cheering statement rendered by him of the Society's affairs.

By order,

HENRI CHRIS. EIFFE, General Manager.
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